

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

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and

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ACNE

ACNE is an inflammatory disorder of the skin, especially of the sebaceous glands and ducts. It attacks young people of both sexes, although it is more common in boys, and appears at about the age of fourteen, when the hair and the sebaceous glands are stimulated to increased growth. Though it may come on at a later age and may continue indefinitely, ordinary cases may be expected to clear up spontaneously at about the age of twenty or twenty-one. But the disease is distressing since it darkens those years in which young people have awakened to self-consciousness and a natural and innocent pride in their appearance.

In the lesions of acne a special germ called the acne bacillus has been found and is now regarded by many physicians as the exciting cause. But the bacillus cannot do its work unless the soil is prepared for it by some form of nutritive trouble, and that must always be sought if proper treatment is to be given. Questioning a victim of acne will usually elicit the fact that there is some form of indigestion, either gastric or intestinal; and almost always there is chronic constipation. Often the patient is anemic or chlorotic or suffers with some other more or less pronounced form of malnutrition.

The lesions of acne are varied. There may be pimples, pustules, blackheads or superficial abscesses, or all of them together. The skin has a disagreeable oily appearance because of the over-activity of the sebaceous glands, and when the crop of pimples and pustules is large the entire face may look inflamed and sore. In spite of the sore appearance, however, there is much less irritation than you might expect; in most cases it is limited to a slight itching or burning, or the skin feels drawn, or the pimples are a little tender if pressed.

In treating acne the doctor first strives to correct any constitutional disturbance such as indigestion, constipation, anemia or eyestrain. The diet should be nourishing but simple; the sufferer should avoid highly seasoned foods, pickles and sweets. A lotion or an ointment containing sulphur in some form may relieve the local condition. In bad cases, where there is suppurative inflammation, the vaccine treatment will usually effect a cure, though sometimes it fails utterly. In some cases it is necessary to puncture the pustules and then apply an anti-septic lotion.

PAYING FOR HIS SODA

THE journal that the late John D. Long, sometime Governor of Massachusetts and Secretary of the Navy, kept nearly all his life is full of pleasantly humorous pictures of a boyhood and youth that seem very simple and unsophisticated today. Writing of the time when he entered Harvard, he says:

I walked out from Boston in the morning to take my examination and stopped at a little apothecary store a mile from the college to get a glass of soda, which to me, a country boy, was as rare as an ice cream. I think the price was six cents. At any rate I presented a two-dollar bill, and the apothecary told me rather gruffly that he couldn't change it and intimidated that I was imposing on him. At least I thought so then, although probably he was laughing in his sleeve at a little greenhorn. But I went away aggrieved and with the nicest sense of honor astir.

Our examination was finished that day. Returning to Boston in the afternoon, I took an omnibus or, as it was then called, "The Hourly." I was prepared with my six cents, and when we reached the apothecary store I begged the driver to give me time to run in and pay my debt. I paid it, feeling all the pride of a hero who has shown his fidelity to duty and his honorable discharge of a trust. I was troubled, however, with the feeling that the driver was impatiently waiting, and, running to "The Hourly," which you entered by steps leading into the rear, I stumbled and sprawled in the muddy street and rose with my garments stained and wet. The hero had met with a fall, and I was conscious, as I entered the omnibus, of looking dilapidated and crestfallen. I can glance back over all the years and feel a lively sympathy for the little fellow in such pathetic circumstances.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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"LOOK out, boy! There they go!" shouted Mr. Macon.

The sight was as queer as any ever seen in a barnyard. A dozen great gray geese, squawking loudly and beating their wings heavily, rose in the air. They were farm bred and were not supposed to fly; yet they were flying. From above came a summons that roused the migratory instinct dormant in the flock:

"Honk! Honk! Honk!"

In the sound was all the lure of the ages. It came down out of the clouds, the bugle notes of some lawless leader and his train. The man and the boy standing in the early dusk of the late autumn afternoon, craning their necks upward, could see the birds. Wedge-shaped they flew, cutting the sky on tireless pinions while up toward them, mounting and honking as they mounted, went the mad denizens of the farm. Their wild kindred must have seen them coming, for of a sudden they veered downward, and in time the two groups mingled.

Mr. Macon sat abruptly down on the uneven of a near-by wagon. "Take a good look at it, my boy!" he said. "You'll never see the likes of it again!"

The big white farmhouse of the Macons stood at the head of a great bay on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain. Every fall since George Macon, the boy, could remember he had heard the honking of geese overhead. Every fall he had heard the farm flock answer, had even seen them clap their giant wings in response, aspiring to heights that they apparently could not scale. But this was different; without warning they had launched themselves, and the wings that had seemed too feeble to support their heavy bodies had held them, were bearing them up and up to comrades that could cover hundreds of miles at a flight.

Yet after all the odds were too great. Even as the man and the boy watched the twin flocks lifting again, growing dimmer on the dusky, cloudy sky line, they saw some of the birds lag. The whole band slowed, but in vain; the laggards with their fattened bodies and untried wings could not keep the pace. They began to fall, and as they fell others too dropped back from the ranks.

Mr. Macon turned to his son. "Come on!" he cried. "They'll just about make the creek!"

Some two or three miles southwest of the farmhouse lay Little Otter Creek. All round its mouth and a considerable distance up its sides grew acre upon acre of water weeds and grasses. To them every fall and spring came many ducks and sometimes geese, pausing in their long journey south or north for food and rest. It was there that the tame geese now seemed to be making their erratic and precipitous descent. The man and the boy headed for the shore of the lake and shoved off a boat. If they could reach the birds in time, they might be able to recover them. All the geese from the farmyard had by now apparently done their utmost and in a long broken, straggling line were fluttering earthward. The other birds, though they called solicitously, did not wait, but maintained the high, bold course southward.



They were farm bred . . . yet they were flying

OUTLAW CHIEF

By Leon W. Dean

"Look at them!" exclaimed the man with some bitterness. "Look at them go!"

At the speed of an express train they passed out of sight on the horizon. They had done their mischief and were gone.

The boy's glance came back to the farm-bred aspirants left behind. "We'll have a sweet time getting them!" he remarked. "I hope they break their fool necks!"

It looked as if some of them really would break their necks. The creatures were exhausted and were inexperienced in making landings from giddy heights. Each was coming down as best he could, performing most of the acrobatics known to aeronautics. There were nose dives and side slips and spirals, tail spins and headlong tumblings. The flock were scattered near and far, some high, some low, and all were finding the art of landing a thing dependent on experience as well as on instinct. That they could ever be brought together again seemed impossible, yet Mr. Macon and George kept on. Neither anticipated that the birds would have further trouble except what they might make for themselves. But trouble came.

"Boom!" And then another barrel: "Boom!"

The close season for ducks was ended, and there were hunters in the creek. That they would take a shot at geese, if the chance offered, was perhaps to be expected. One of the birds performed a new and more intricate manœuvre and dropped like a plummet out of sight.

"What do you know about that!" muttered Mr. Macon. "Come on, boy, let's go!"

Land intervened between them and the creek, shutting off the view of the lowest birds. Then a second gun went off, and they saw another of the flock drop struggling toward the water. They worked hard then, the boy playing his paddle in stroke with the oars of the man, but they heard no more reports. Either the birds were out of range or the gunners had discovered their mistake.

Rounding the point, the two came down

on the mouth of the creek and went up into it. Half a mile from the lake they found the renegades. In the short time allotted them the geese had rallied and the scattered individuals had become a flock once more. They were still calling excitedly, but there were some that would never answer. The men with the guns had taken their spoils and fled.

"Where's Chief?" demanded the boy, scanning the flock in the obscure light. "I don't see him anywhere. Do you, father?"

Chief was a young gander, the most promising of the younger members of the flock. Time and again he had shown his superiority in strength and intelligence. He was big and so virile as to be a bit aggressive; even the older and heavier birds stood in awe of him. He was one bird that would not be marketed, for he was valuable. Mr. Macon had been planning to retain him to help build up the flock. Now the man's face showed a little concern.

"We haven't lost Chief, have we?" he asked, and his eyes quickly shifted from one to another of the birds. "You're right, boy, I don't see him!"

Everywhere round them as they talked rustled water reeds and grasses, a thick, impenetrable growth that bordered either side of the channel. The geese were still much excited over their adventure, and retrieving them evidently was not going to be easy. Their brief taste of the wild had temporarily made different birds of them. Every time the boat approached they would begin to honk and hiss and flap their wings as if again about to start a rebellion. At the same time they were tired, and their failure was too recent to make them willing to try again. By dint of curious manœuvring Mr. Macon and his son got the boat behind them and began to work them, still wrathfully expostulating, down the channel. At each bend of the big oxbow loops they feared that the birds would take flight. They were within sight of the open lake when from off in the rushes came another call.



"Honk!" it sounded. "Honk! Honk!"

For a moment the drivers were startled. Every one of the mischief-makers before them took up the answer, and another mad flight seemed imminent. But what was a wild goose doing there in the swamp, especially so close?

"It's one of the flock, George!" declared Mr. Macon suddenly. "It may be Chief!"

The bird was trying to make its way toward them, but the reed growth was thick and heavy; they could hear his splashing, and each splash was followed by his strident calls. But he could make little headway. The other geese, which his cries had roused, seemed to understand that he was one of them and did not undertake to go to him; they merely redoubled their tumult and made the swamp resound with the discordant clamor. Thinking that perhaps the lone bird might be Chief, George finally decided to go after him. Stripping off his outer clothes, he stepped into the reeds and threw himself flat. The act was dangerous, for the water was cold and the long green stems clung tenaciously, wrapping themselves round his legs and arms and body and dragging him down and retarding him. But there was no other way of reaching the goose. The boy could not stand up because of the mud, and to push the boat in was impossible. All he could do was to flounder along like some great reptile. It was slow going, but the cries of the goose gave the direction, and foot by foot, yard by yard, he moved toward them.

In the end he reached the place, but the creature was not Chief at all; it was one of the other geese, and she had been wounded. Crippled as she was, she would have died there if he had not rescued her, and he was not sorry that he had gone.

"It looks as if they had killed Chief," Mr. Macon remarked bitterly as the boy returned to the boat. "If they had to take one, why couldn't it have been one of the others?"

Mr. Macon was a good farmer and had much pride in his stock, and Chief had been one of the individuals that gave him most satisfaction, the kind on which he had built his reputation. It was hard to lose such a fine young gander, but they failed to find any trace of him or of the men who presumably had killed him. By slow degrees they herded the flock along the shore of the lake toward home, though two or three together with Chief had completely vanished.

Winter passed and spring came. "Honk! Honk! Honk!" The flocks were once more on their way north. George awakened out of a sound sleep.

"Honk! Honk! Honk!"

Geese, and they were close! They were so close that he scrambled hastily out of bed and was just in time to see them settle, with one or two last barbarous honkings, on the surface of the lake; they were right out on the bay. George had never seen geese there before, and the sight thrilled him. The law was on, and he could not kill them, but he had a great, almost overwhelming, desire to do so. To shoot a goose at his own front door would be an achievement!

In defiance of all laws of caution one goose

was still calling. Sounds carry far at night, and George, knowing that everyone would not be so scrupulous as he, began to grow a trifle anxious. The home geese, from where they had been shut in on the barn floor, were waking to the cries, and the sound was strongly reminiscent of autumn. Slipping from the room, he went downstairs and out of the house. He had drawn on heavy clothes, but it was cold, and as the night breeze from off the lake struck him he shivered slightly. Then he started as a voice spoke close to him: "What do you say, boy, let's turn the tables?"

It was his father; George had not noticed him in the shadow of the porch.

Now as George listened to his elder's proposal while the two walked to the barn he forgot the chill. The plan had to do with a boathouse on the shore of the bay and with a couple of the geese that were so tame that anyone could handle them at will. "If we can get them in there," concluded Mr. Macon, "I reckon it will work!"

The boathouse was almost the size of a barn. Its lower part was in the water, and boats could be run directly into it. Several launches belonging to campers on the place were housed there during the summer. The doors had been opened to let in the spring air, but the launches had not yet been taken down from their storage places above. The building formed an excellent trap, but whether the wild birds could be decoyed into it or not remained to be seen. It would take some clever manipulating, and any little hitch might spoil the plan.

Inside the barn as the two approached it the geese were trumpeting madly to get out, but man and boy slipped through the door without letting any escape. Paying no heed to half-raised wings, outstretched necks and hissing tongues, Mr. Macon strode boldly in among the birds. In the excitement one leaped at him and tried to strike, but he grabbed it by the head, and it was glad enough to desist.

Like everything else on the farm, the geese had names. The two that Mr. Macon wanted were Sue and Prue. They were probably the oldest in the flock; that they had been spared so long was largely because no one had the heart to kill them. They could be picked up at any time and anywhere without a fuss and could even be taken into the house. Mr. Macon now caught them and held them while George got cords and fastened one round a leg of each. Then by a roundabout route that would bring them in behind some trees and bushes the two started for the bay.

They were almost there when amid alarmed honkings and the slash of mighty wings lifting giant bodies from the water the boy clutched his father convulsively by the arm. "Say," he whispered hoarsely, "they've gone!"

The birds, hurtling into the air, had headed straight out over the water. The watchers did not expect to see them again, but suddenly the leader swerved and with his whole train behind him circled back. The watchers could not understand the manoeuvre. Why should the geese pause in flight and then return?

As soon as the birds had alighted once more George and his father took advantage of such cover as they could find and went on again. When they entered the boathouse the geese were some distance out on the bay and were hidden from the structure. Up to that time Mr. Macon had prevented Prue and Sue from making any noise, but now as he let them down into the water and tethered them he allowed them to do as they pleased. They were wise, sedate birds, and their behavior could not have been better if they had been trained to the work. They swam to the end of their leashes and, finding they could go no farther, began to call. The man and the boy hid themselves each at a place where he could close one of the swing doors.

The birds on the lake did not seem to know what to make of the new cries at first, but after a moment's hesitating response the leader began to swim toward them, and the others followed him, though apparently with some reluctance. He would pause as his suspicions rose, but with a strange sort of eager fearlessness he would always come on again.

"He's as much of a fool as our own," said Mr. Macon. "If he hasn't more intelligence than that, he ought certainly to be—"

Abruptly he stopped.

"It's Chief!" gasped George. "Father, it's Chief!"

"Hush!" murmured his father. "So it is!"

Geese are powerful swimmers, and the flock were not long in reaching the boathouse. It took them some time, though, to decide to go in. Even Chief, grown into a beautiful, mammoth bird, showed the result of his last few months of education. Apparently he alone

of all the home birds, doubtless owing to his lighter, youthful weight and greater strength, had held his own with the flock on its flight, and somehow in the course of time he had come to its leadership. On their great northern journey he had led them in once more to the farm bay, and there had called and called again for his former companions to join him. As a wild bird he was shy of the boathouse, but finally temptation overcame him, and he glided in; the others straggled

after him. They were on the alert, but it was too late.

As the doors swung to behind them it seemed as if the place were alive with wings and that the frantic birds would dash themselves to pieces against the walls. Two or three that had chanced to be outside were all that got away. A couple of days later when Mr. Macon received a special permit from the government to keep the wild geese for breeding purposes he and George caught

and subdued the flock one by one. They clipped the pinions of the captives before turning them loose.

And of them all the greatest was Chief, for he combined the sagacity and stamina of the wild with the mighty stature of those from which he had sprung. From poultry exhibits near and far where he is entered, not as Chief, but as Outlaw Chief, he has brought much honor in the way of ribbons and medals to the Macon farm.

THE EDGE OF RAVEN POOL

By Augusta Huiell Seaman



Raven Pool

Chapter Two. A puzzling scrap of paper

IN the two weeks that passed after Antoinette's coming to Savannah she learned many things. To begin with, she soon found that life in that delightful Southern city promised to be much pleasanter than she had dared to imagine. During her journey down she had felt that she could hope for nothing except a life of comparative drudgery, assisting an impecunious aunt in keeping a boarding house. The reality was quite different. Apart from her morning duty of keeping the rooms in order and doing some occasional marketing and shopping her time was literally her own. She was free to come and go, to rest, to read, to walk or to take trolley rides about the fascinating city. As it was late in the school year, her aunt had decided that she might wait until fall before beginning at high school. So she had much spare time on her hands.

At first she had hoped to be much with her aunt and perhaps to get to know her better, possibly even to learn to love her and to be loved in return. But except at meals she seldom saw Miss Spencer. Where her aunt kept herself or what she did with her leisure moments Antoinette did not know; nor did she ever dare to ask. Miss Spencer was invariably courteous, but of her personality and affairs Antoinette knew as little after two weeks as on the day she came.

One thing that kept Antoinette's thoughts occupied was the curious mystery that seemed to surround her aunt and the beautiful mansion. To begin with, there was the room that was always kept in perfect order, as if a guest were constantly expected, yet was closed and locked every day as tight as if the house were to be left unoccupied for a long period. Antoinette actually enjoyed putting that room in order. She went through her other tasks as a matter of course, anxious only to do them properly and get them off her mind, but she unlocked the door to that room every morning with a real thrill of expectation.

So far she had seen much in it that piqued her curiosity but nothing that in the least enlightened her. The room had evidently been furnished as it was a long time, and nothing new had been added to it. The furniture was all of an ancient period; she loved the spindle-legged rosewood chairs, the massive mahogany four-poster, the heavily carved clothespresses and chests. But best of all she loved the secretary with its high bookshelves and the books that showed dimly through the diamond-paned glass doors. The piece of furniture fascinated her. What secret drawers might it not contain! What curious and ancient documents might not be concealed within it!

Another source of interest and of not a little information was Uncle Neb, man of all work about the establishment. Not more than two or three blocks from the house she had discovered a delightful little retreat, the Colonial Cemetery, which had long since been abandoned as a burial place and had been turned into a charming park. The spot was

quiet and unfrequented, and Antoinette loved to spend her afternoons in its delightful seclusion. One afternoon as she sat there reading who should pass her but Uncle Neb on his way across the park to do some errand. Immediately his ragged hat came off, and he stood before her inquiring politely about her welfare: "I hopes you am comfortable, Miss Tony. Dis am a right pretty place to sit!"

"Oh, isn't it!" she replied. "And so interesting too! I never get tired of reading the inscriptions on all the old tombs and family vaults. But tell me, Uncle Neb, is there a Spencer family burying place here? I haven't seen it, and I've examined every one. I should think there would be, for they were one of the oldest families, weren't they?"

"Oh, sho dey is one ob de oldest fam'lies, Miss Tony. But de reason dey ain't buried here is 'cause dey has de fam'ly vault down on Wilmington Island, where de old plantation is. Some day yo'll go down dar, and den yo'll see hit."

"Why, I didn't know there was a plantation too!" exclaimed Antoinette. "My aunt never said anything about it. Does she own it besides the house here?"

"She done owns a part ob it, but de most belonged to a brudder, yo' Uncle Ralph Spencer. He's done dead now, but his widder lives dere and her lil gal 'bout de same age as you."

"Oh, then I have a cousin, a girl just my age? How delightful! What is her name, Uncle Neb, and when do you suppose I'll see her? Why didn't Aunt Adelaide tell me about her, I wonder?"

"Yo' aunt am a bery curious lady, Miss Tony, if yo'll paddon me fo' saying so. She done got something on her min' dese many years past, an' no one don't know what hit is, an' she ain't nebbber goin' to tell, I specks! An' she done got anoder curious habit: she don't nebbber tell yo' nothin' yo'll likely find out fo' yo'self later—not 'cause it's too much trouble, but 'cause she's jes' nat'ly made dat way! Yo' lil cousin's name am Theodora Spencer.—she was named after yo' gran'pa, Theodore Spencer,—but dey calls her Theo. She looks a heap like you too. Hit's curious how much de pair ob you looks alike!"

Antoinette was singularly delighted to find that she had another near relative—a girl who was near her own age and who actually resembled her closely.

It gave her something new and interesting to think about. But she had one other question that she was anxious to have answered.

"Uncle Neb," she began, half unconsciously lowering her voice, "I want to ask you one other thing. Do you know the reason why my aunt keeps that room empty and locked up so carefully? I'm really very curious about it."

Uncle Neb's manner immediately became mysterious. "Dat, Miss Tony, am a secret I nebbber knew, nor no one else round yere. Hit's been goin' on like dat a great many years, jes' a short time after de wah. I was down on

de plantation at dat time, but when Marse Ralph sent me up here one day dey tell me dat dat room had been done shet up by yo' Gran'pa Spencer an' locked, an' he said no one was to be allowed to use it no mo' till he give de word, but hit must be kept clean an' ready fo' some one. Dat's all I knows about hit! An' I can't stop now no longer. Missus she done tol' me to hurry up with dis yere errand!"

He grinned, bowed, replaced his ragged hat and trotted away, leaving Antoinette more delightfully mystified than ever.

From that time on she longed to question her aunt about the plantation and the cousin, yet dared not break through the silence that Miss Spencer chose to maintain on the matter. She also did not like to admit that she had gained her information through Uncle Neb, and so she was forced to await the time when her aunt should refer to those matters of her own accord. Meanwhile the March days slipped by, and in the green and blossoming parks of Savannah she spent many of her leisure hours and grew to know and love the charming city.

One morning toward the end of the month she unlocked the mysterious room preparatory to giving it its daily dusting and found one of the portrait paintings, a small one in an oval gilt frame, lying on the floor. At first she could not imagine how it had come there. But upon closer examination she found that the wire with which it had been hung had rusted through and during the night had parted and sent the picture to the floor. Her first thought was to call her aunt, but as she was going through the hall to find her she met Uncle Neb coming up the stairs.

"Is Miss Spencer downstairs, Uncle Neb?" she asked.

"No, she ain't, Miss Tony. She done gone out to do some shopping," he replied.

Then Antoinette told him her difficulty. "Lawdie! Don't yo' worry about dat!" he said and chuckled. "Jes' yo' leave it to Uncle Neb. Dat's what he here fo'! I'll jes' fetch up a ladder an' some wire an' hab dat fixed befo' you can turn yo'self around." And he disappeared down the stairs again.

She decided to dust the picture thoroughly while she was waiting for him to return. It was small and apparently had hung over the high top of the secretary for a long while. As she picked it up a bit of yellowed paper suddenly dislodged itself from the layer behind the picture and fluttered to the floor. Antoinette let it lie there while she carefully wiped the dull gilt frame, and a moment later Uncle Neb appeared with a stepladder, some wire and a hammer. Speedily he adjusted the new wire and had the picture in its place in a few moments.

"Twa'n't no trouble 'tall, yo see, an' Miss Adelaide, she don't nebbber need to know 'bout hit at all 'less yo' wants to tell her," he added and chuckled as he carried away his tools, staring about him all the time with great curiosity.

Antoinette, who had been watching his operations with interest, turned once more to finish dusting the room. The last thing she did was to pick up the yellowed scrap of paper from the floor where it had fallen. And, as there was no receptacle for waste paper in the room, she stuffed it into her apron pocket, closed the shutters and windows, locked the door and went about her other duties.

Later in the morning as she was changing her dress in her room she discovered the scrap in her pocket. She turned it idly over in her hands, barely realizing that she was doing so. Suddenly her eyes widened. She ran to the window and examined the paper more closely in the stronger light. In even greater excitement she opened her trunk, rummaged out a large magnifying glass that had been her father's and examined the paper

again with it in the sunlight. Then she dropped on her bed, hugging her knees and rocking back and forth and whispering to herself, "What can it all mean? What can it all mean?"

The next morning Antoinette had another surprise. At the breakfast table she noticed her aunt gazing at her critically; presently Miss Spencer said abruptly, "You haven't been feeling very well lately, have you?"

As a matter of fact Antoinette had been miserable for more than a week past, but she had said nothing about it.

"I have been struggling with a cold, Aunt Adelaide," she replied, "but I didn't want to worry you about it."

"I noticed that you weren't up to the mark," Miss Spencer went on. "You aren't acclimated yet. It takes a long while. Now I want you to go away and rest for a few days, and I'm going to send you down to the plantation at Wilmington Island. You have relatives there, an aunt by marriage and a cousin. You must get to know them. You won't see much of your Aunt Annabelle; she's always miserable—or thinks she is!—and keeps to her room. But you'll enjoy the place and your cousin Theo. Pack up a suitcase this morning and take the car down to Thunderbolt. Uncle Neb will meet you there and take you the rest of the way in the motor boat."

"Oh, thank you so much, Aunt Adelaide!" cried Antoinette, quite touched by her aunt's thoughtfulness. "I'd love to go, but I hate to leave you with all the work on your hands."

"Don't worry about that. Two or three of the boarders leave today, and no one else is coming for a time. Go and enjoy yourself. I'll send Uncle Neb back for you when you're to return."

The subject was closed; Antoinette felt that there was no more to be said about it. She was of course secretly delighted to make the visit, but there was another matter in her mind. She opened her lips to speak of it, but just at that moment Miss Spencer rose and left for the kitchen with orders for Nancy, and Antoinette knew that the opportunity was gone.

Thrilled with expectation, she prepared for her trip, and later in the morning she bade her aunt good-by—with a solemn handshake instead of a kiss—and boarded a trolley car for the four-mile ride to the little town of Thunderbolt on the Warsaw River. At one of the long wharves she found Uncle Neb waiting for her in a little motor boat that belonged at the plantation and ran up and down two or three times a week for supplies. The colored man who had brought it up was to stay in town for the night, and Uncle Neb was preparing to take it back.

Antoinette never forgot the delight of that first trip to Wilmington Island. It was a two hours' run through the inlets and little rivers that surround the marsh islands of the Georgia coast. The spring sunlight was deliciously warm, and the marshes bloomed with wild flowers like a great garden. Out of sight of Thunderbolt there was scarcely a human habitation to be seen, and the wild marsh birds fairly rioted undisturbed along the reedy banks. Uncle Neb, busy with the engine and the steering, had little time for conversation, but Antoinette did not mind; she wanted to enjoy the view in silence. So winding was the course and so many were the little streams that branched and twisted away from their own that she wondered how anyone ever managed to remember the right one to turn into. Yet Uncle Neb assured her that he could follow the course blindfolded, and she could not but believe him.

At last he indicated a point on the bank of a wilderness island the shore of which they had been following for some time. "Dar hit am, Miss Tony, whar dat dock am stickin' out in de stream. An' dar's yo' cousin Theo, sho nuff, divin' off dat float. She sho am a reglar little fish, an' yo' can't keep her outen de ribber nohow!"

Antoinette looked where he was pointing. A girl in a wet bathing suit stood poised on a float; her arms were above her head, and she was about to plunge into the water. But as she caught sight of the approaching launch she waved her hand and shouted that she would be there in a moment. Then with a graceful spring she plunged into the river, disappeared and later came up swimming

swiftly toward the landing place. She reached it a moment before the launch did, scrambled ashore and was there to welcome Antoinette as she stepped to the wharf.

It was with a distinct and curious shock that Antoinette realized how much she and her cousin actually resembled each other—the same height, the same build, the same

and Theo was beginning to tell why she had to spend most of her time at the island with her mother.

"Mother's not well and thinks she can't live anywhere else, and she can't bear anyone but old Auntie Charlotte and myself round her, and she wants to be quiet; so this seems the only place. When she's well enough I go

carefully out of her hand bag. "I can't make anything of it. Can you?"

They bent over it together. The paper was old and yellow, and the writing was so faded as to be hardly legible. Not till Antoinette drew out the magnifying glass and handed it to her cousin could Theo decipher the words. She read:

No time to explain, Adelaide. According to our code, 20:22:3 and 40:12:44. You will understand. A. R.

"Now what in the world can all that mean?" cried Theo, staring at the paper in her hand.

"That's just what I wondered," echoed Tony, "and if only I'd had a chance I should have given it to Aunt Adelaide. It must have belonged to her; it has her name on it."

"Well, I'm glad you didn't!" declared Theo. "As it is, we have the paper and some chance of trying to make head or tail of it."

Antoinette had been doing some thinking. "See here!" she exclaimed suddenly. "How do you know Aunt Adelaide ever knew anything about this paper? It fell out of that picture, where it had evidently been hidden for a long, long time. Probably she never even knew it was there. She ought to see it!"

"I've been thinking of that myself," agreed Theo, "and of course she shall see it—when we get ready to show it to her."

At that moment a bell sounded up at the house, and Theo started to her feet. "There's the dinner bell. Don't let's be late, for it makes Aunt Charlotte awfully mad. She's a splendid cook, but she has a bad temper."

They got to their feet and hurried away toward the house; Theo was immediately surrounded by a crowd of dogs of all descriptions, leaping and circling round her. But before the girls reached the steps of the broad veranda she stopped her cousin and whispered in her ear:

"Put that paper away carefully and don't mention it to a soul. You've got part of the secret there, and you probably think you've discovered the makings of a wonderful mystery. But wait till after dinner and let me show you some of the queer things on this place! I reckon there are some things here that will make you sit up and take notice!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

TRIPPED BY HALFPENNIES

LEVI BLOSS was a notoriously "close" and unscrupulous farmer. One summer he hired Roscoe Edell, a boy fourteen years old, to weed a field of table beets for him and promised to pay him ten cents an hour. The beet patch had fifty rows, each so long that on the average it took the boy, who was a good worker, an hour to clean out a row. Thus he completed the job in five ten-hour days and earned five dollars.

But when Roscoe came hopefully to his employer Bloss said to him: "I dunno as I kin pay you more than seven cents an hour after all. Times are gittin' hard, and ten cents an hour is too high pay for a boy."

"But you promised to pay me ten cents an hour!" poor Roscoe protested.

"I can't help that; I can't pay it now," the farmer replied. "Tain't down in black and white, and you've got no witnesses. You'd better take what you can get."

"I won't take a cent!" the boy cried indignantly and strode away.

When Roscoe told his tale of injustice at home that evening his parents, though they sympathized with him, doubted whether anything could be done about the matter. However, his father determined to have a personal interview with Bloss and called on him the same evening, accompanied by Roscoe and their hired man, who at the boy's persuasion had good-naturedly consented to go along as a witness. Roscoe, after calming down a little, had done some profitable thinking and figuring.

Bloss would not listen to the father, but fished out the three dollars and fifty cents in bills and coins and proffered the amount to Roscoe, who firmly declined to accept anything short of five dollars.



The paper was old and yellow, and the writing . . . hardly legible

features and the same wavy brown hair, though Antoinette suspected that her own was a shade or so the lighter. Even the brown eyes were fringed with the same dark, thick lashes. The two girls might have passed for twins!

"I reckon you're my cousin Antoinette, aren't you?" said Theo with just a touch of shyness as she held out her hand. "I've heard all about you. I'm so glad you've come. Aunt Adelaide said you would when she was here last week. Come right up to the house. Mother's miserable today and can't see anyone, but she told me to make you at home. I'm dripping wet, but I'll point out your room to you, and when I'm dressed we can visit together."

She led the way up the bank to a long, low white house nestling in the trees—a house with most of its rooms on the ground floor; she pointed out a room opening off the veranda as the one that Antoinette was to have. Then she disappeared to dress.

An hour later, with their feet dangling over the water, the two girls sat together on the wharf, getting acquainted with the rapidity natural to girls of their age. Antoinette had already imparted most of her history,



"Miss Adelaide, she don't nebbber need to know"

up to school in Savannah, but just lately I've had to be here with her for more than two months. I don't mind, though; I love it here!"

"I should think you would! I've never been on a plantation before in my life. I know I'll love it too. But do you ever go up to stay at the house in the city?"

Theo's brows drew together in a frown. "Yes, I have to sometimes, but I hate it! The house is so gloomy, and Aunt Adelaide's so queer, it just gives me the horrors! I like to be out in the open and swim and fish and hunt and tramp."

"Theo," said Antoinette suddenly, "there's something strange about that house in Savannah, and there must be some secret about Aunt Adelaide, too. Do you know anything about it all, I wonder?"

Theo turned and looked at her with a long, curious stare.

"So you've discovered it too!" she said. Then after a pause, "I'm going to call you Tony—because I like you. You look like your mother, my Aunt Tony, and so do I. They say I don't look a bit like my own mother. I always admired Aunt Tony very much—at least, what I'd heard about her. Father used to tell me about her before he died. He was very fond of her and grieved a great deal because the rest just cut loose from her when she married up North. He always loved her, even though he never saw or heard from her again."

That was news to Antoinette. "Is that so? Oh, I'm so glad to hear it! You see, I never knew much about my mother; she died when I was so young. So I never heard these things."

"Yes," Theo went on, "Aunt Adelaide never had much use for me because I'm so much like Aunt Tony, and I suspect she feels the same about you."

"I wonder why that should be so?" Antoinette said thoughtfully.

"It's all a part of the same old mystery," Theo answered. "No one knows the real reason, though I've thought out several that might be the right ones. It's queer that you discovered a mystery right away, Antoinette. You must love mysteries the way I do!"

"Well, I couldn't exactly help it, could I? That strange room all locked up! And I found something awfully queer in there yesterday morning. I wanted to show it to Aunt Adelaide before I left, but somehow I couldn't pluck up my courage in time and didn't get a chance." And she recounted the episode of the picture and the curious scrap of paper.

Theo listened in breathless wonder. Then she demanded, "Where's the paper? Have you it with you?"

"Here it is," said Antoinette, drawing it

After a moment Roscoe suddenly exclaimed: "I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Bloss. Pay me half a cent for the first row of beets I weeded, one cent for the second, a cent and a half for the third and so on, a half cent more for each additional row of the whole fifty, and I'll call it square."

Bloss agreed at once with a sly grin. Those first half cents sounded cheap. But after he had sat down and had figured for a minute or two the grin disappeared. He finished his reckoning with an angry snarl, and no wonder, for it counted up to six dollars and

thirty-seven and a half cents! "You tricky young scallawag!" he said to Roscoe.

"Stop right there! You ought to be the last one to talk about tricks!" the boy's father interrupted him sternly. "You pay the boy what you just agreed to here before witnesses, unless you want to go to court about it!"

Bloss paid, though he held back the odd half cent. When the story became well known the whole neighborhood enjoyed the joke and agreed that the boy had served the dishonest farmer right.

station in Aurora the conductor had asked whether she wanted to get off there and had offered to lift off her heavy valise. "I—I—d-d-d-don't want to get off. I w-w-w-want to go back to Oswego to my mamma and my daddy," she had told him tearfully. Then she watched him take out the coin that her father had given him, waited until he pursed up his lips and figured, with his eyes cast thoughtfully upward. "I guess I can let you ride back for this," he said slowly.

Nora had never again wanted to run away. Her father and mother were entirely too helpful in the matter!

The following Friday afternoon she found herself inevitably on the train bound for Chicago. It was the four-o'clock, as they called it in Oswego; in reality it left at twenty minutes to five, but any train that left within the hour was called by the name of the hour. It was already dark with the autumnal dullness of September afternoons, a

dullness that foretells the coming of the long cold winter. Nora was suddenly depressed as she saw her mother and father standing on the platform, waving; none of the younger children had come down to the train. She knew that her mother was going to cry as soon as the train was gone; the girl's lips quivered.

The train drew slowly out and soon was rushing along the valley into the town of Montgomery, where it paused beside the desolate-looking little red station for only a few seconds. With a hoot and a shriek it moved on toward Aurora. The night was becoming blacker now; all that she could see were intermittent bits of light that flared out from suburban houses where dinner was being prepared for the men who would soon come home.

Nora felt a lump in her throat at the thought. How silly she had been to make that rash statement about leaving school! Having once made it, how much more foolish she had been to act upon it and really to go!

The lights were flaring out more often now. The train was rushing through La Grange without stopping, and in a short time Nora picked up her hand bag and followed other passengers down the aisle to step into the new Union Station. Her cousin Gladys met her effusively and led the way to the waiting room, where she sat down.

"Aren't we going home?" demanded Nora, who was now almost ready to eat what she termed supper, but what she had been warned to call dinner in the city.

Gladys nodded. "We have to wait, though, for the train from Racine. Mother has some company coming, and I'm to meet them while I'm downtown. It will be only half an hour, and we can talk while we wait."

Nora was puzzled. Gladys did not seem overjoyed at the prospect of company; nor was she in the highly excited state into which Oswegoites worked themselves when company was coming from a distance. No, Gladys was not at all disturbed.

"Do you have much company?" asked Nora curiously, wondering why her cousin was so calm.

"Oh, my, yes! You see, when we left Rockford to go to Kenosha we had made lots of friends, and of course we wrote back to all of them. Then later we moved to Racine, and there was another set of friends. After that we went to Niles for a year, and so now we have four sets of friends who always come to us when they are in the city shopping."

Nora was aghast. "That must make a lot of dishes," she said.

"It does," agreed Gladys. "Marie thought she would go to work in father's office, and she did try it for a while, but there was so much to do at home that she had to stop. You see, there are the two boys and we two girls and mother and father all the time, and so when we have any company the house is pretty full. A maid costs fifteen dollars a week besides her room and board. We don't keep one. We love company, you know, just love it, but it does make work. Mother was so glad when you wrote that you were coming. Another pair of hands, you know—"

The next week Nora spent every day downtown looking for work. There were columns and columns of advertisements in the morning papers, but when she applied there was always some good reason why she was unsuited to the position. Some employers explained that she was too young; some said she lacked experience. The main reason, however, was her lack of education.

Back in Oswego she had found no one who smiled at her because she was a freshman at high school. Here in the city, however, when she said that she had had one year of high school, in which she had completed the commercial course, the person to whom she had applied for work would smile and say that that was less than the requirement. In most places she found that employers wanted a girl with at least some university training, if she were not a university graduate.

"University girls have a certain poise and calm that high-school girls have not," one man kindly explained to her. "High-school girls are younger and more irresponsible. Every time we change stenographers it costs the firm fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars!" echoed Nora.

"Yes, just that. We have to acquaint the new one with our particular line of business; the terms we use and our methods of dealing with salesmen and customers; and she has to learn our type of letter writing, which is a bit different from that of other firms. All that is time lost. If we hire the wrong one and have to dismiss her we have wasted fifty dollars besides her wages. From what I know of you—from this application,"—he tapped the long sheet that Nora had filled in in her large, round handwriting, just as she had filled in numerous other application blanks,—"the best thing you can do is to go back to your home town, finish high school and then take some college work for at least a year or two. If you were my little girl, that's what you'd do!" He spoke firmly, but his smile took away the sharpness of the words. "My girl is eighteen and is in her freshman year at the university. She is taking up commerce and administration work. When she finishes I hope to have her in here with me."

Nora left the office and went over to State Street. Turning in at one of the candy shops, she ordered a cup of *bouillon*. She was deeply thoughtful as she sipped. Everyone had been uniformly kind to her, but the last employer had summed up the whole trouble in a few words: she needed more education. In a vague way she had supposed that to be a stenographer all a person had to know was shorthand and typewriting. Ah, that was not all; employers were in need of girls who had the well-balanced minds that systematic training gives.

She was suddenly tired. As Gladys had said, the small apartment was in a turmoil every moment of the day. There was company all the time. The telephone was ringing every ten minutes for one of the family or for one of the guests. There were mountains of dishes in the kitchen, and those who were not taking the company round the city washed the dishes and straightened the rooms. Thus far there had been something to do every evening. One night there was a church social; another night there was a lecture; and still another there was a concert at which Nora had heard marvelous singers. It had all been cosy and gay, but now Nora was tired. She longed for her quiet little home town, where the loudest noise in the evening was the electric street car rumbling by to the county seat once an hour. She was tired of the roar of the elevated trains, of the sirens

The DEAD LANGUAGE

By Lilliac Montgomery Mitchell

"WELL, I shan't take Latin, that's all!" Nora sat back in her seat and held her chin up defiantly.

"Oh," breathed Lola, and her small brown eyes were wide, "wh-what'll you do, Nora? There isn't any choice about it, is there?"

Nora's blue eyes turned on Lola indignantly. "Do you think I'm going to take an old dead language just because the new superintendent wants to teach it? I just guess not! I'll—leave—school first!"

Nora felt suddenly weak. She had not meant to make any such threat, and she hoped that no one would comment on it.

Lola and Helen, however, were all agog with excitement. Nora was sixteen years old, fully a year older than they, and as a consequence they had accepted her as their class leader. "Leave school!" they echoed.

Nora nodded firmly.

"But if you did leave school, what would you do?" asked Helen practically.

"Go to Chicago and be a stenographer," said Nora carelessly.

The tinkle of a bell announced the end of recess, and Nora turned to the study of civics; Latin was ended for the day. She had learned that all Gaul was divided into three parts; reading as much as that had not been difficult. For some reason, however, she had been displeased with the beginning of Caesar; the fact that she had studied too little the previous year to be confident of her declensions and conjugations made her uncertain of herself; she felt sure that after three or four weeks of reading she would find herself unable to go on successfully without going back to her first-year book and making a serious study of certain parts of it.

As the civics lesson progressed Nora spent her time trying to figure out just how she had fallen so far behind in first-year Latin. In the beginning she had missed studying two or three nights, and after that she had found that merely keeping up with the day's work kept her extremely busy. While she meditated and almost before she knew it the civics period was over, and she heard the new superintendent saying:

"At the close of the period it is always well to consider what you have learned from the forty minutes' work. Each period should teach some concrete fact that, taken with many other facts, makes a well-rounded knowledge of the subject. It would be wise to write in your notebooks a brief statement of the most salient point of the lesson."

The others immediately opened their notebooks and began writing. Nora alone had nothing to write; for the first time in her school life she realized that her greatest fault was inattention. She knew that she had paid too little heed to the words of the instructor to know even one point about which she could write intelligently in her book. Her face flushed, and she wondered whether he would speak to her. The thought that she could pretend to be writing something passed across her mind, but she cast it aside as unworthy. Again the bell tinkled and the class went into the assembly room to study.

At the noon dismissal Lola and Helen managed to find places next in line to Nora. "You know, if you like it there in Chicago, we're going to leave school and go up too. We all learned enough typewriting and shorthand last year to do the work, and we'd get fifteen or eighteen dollars a week. We were writing notes all study period about it, and we've decided that we can have a wonderful time, the three of us up there. We'll get a cheap room and cheap board and go out some place every night and to the Art Institute on Sundays, and shopping in the big stores on Saturday afternoons. Oh, won't we have a lovely time, Nora?"

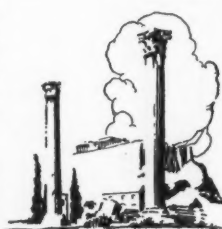
Nora's lips parted and closed. She had supposed that by now they had forgotten her rash statement about leaving school. "I'll—I'll have to ask my folks—about leaving school," she said; her lips felt unaccountably dry.

"They won't care," said Lola easily. "Here comes your father now. Ask him right away."

When Nora's father came up even with them, however, she merely gave him her usual greeting. But Lola, who seemed to be bursting with the excitement of the news, exclaimed, "Nora's going to leave school and go to the city to work, Mr. Carpenter!"

Nora hoped that her father would angrily forbid her doing any such thing. Instead he merely bent his head a trifle and regarded her above his glasses. "That so?" he said.

Nora sighed. She remembered the time when she had threatened to run away from home when she was four or five years old. She had no more than made the threat when her father and mother instantly pulled all of her little clothes out of the bureau drawers and packed them neatly into a large valise of her grandfather's. They even packed a tiny little luncheon into the lunch box. When she was dressed, ready to go,—her heart was beating suffocatingly fast,—her father took her to the corner where the street car ran every hour to Aurora and helped her on, giving the conductor a coin. "This little girl is running away from home; give her a ride as far as she wants to go," he had said. Nora had expected her father to jump on the car too, but he had not. The conductor accepted the coin, nodded carelessly and with a quick double pull on the bell signaled the motor-man to continue on his way down through the town of Oswego, up across the high trestle that passed above the railway tracks and the river and on through the river valley and the smaller towns into Aurora. On other occasions Nora had always enjoyed that ride; all too short had it been. But today it was different. At the terminal



"The best thing you can do is to go back to your home town," . . . He spoke firmly

of rushing motor cars, of the thundering hum of motor trucks that delivered supplies to the outskirts of the city, and tired of the clanging street cars that ran every other minute.

A little girl came in and sat down at the table opposite her. She looked as if she were about twelve or thirteen years old. The thick braid of hair hanging down her back and the books she carried with her music roll proclaimed her a schoolgirl downtown for her music lesson. Nora looked at the top book; the title was: First Year Latin.

A lump came into Nora's throat. She suddenly felt old, much older than the child opposite. The other girl had pushed aside the Latin book and was opening a black book with ruled lines; she was working on a

harmony lesson, and she ordered a soda absently. With quick determination Nora rose and went into the adjacent telephone booth. "Aunt Nora," she said a moment later into the mouthpiece, "I'm going back home. There's a train out at four-thirty. Will you ask Gladys to send my bag home parcel post? I have to hurry and get there before tomorrow. I've decided to study Latin, and I don't want to lose any more time than I can help."

Her astonished aunt conveyed the message to Gladys a few minutes later. "I don't know just what she meant," she said, "but she mentioned something about studying Latin; for some reason or other she was in great haste. I think we'll have French-fried potatoes, so long as we are to have company for dinner."

and Italian Red Cross to relieve the famine sufferers there, they probably would have found aid, but fear of arrest by the Bolsheviks led them to give all towns a wide berth.

As the west shore of the Volga was sparsely inhabited on account of the continuous cliffs, they kept close to it most of the time. But the following evening, seeing no good place to land, they again took refuge on a wooded island. Craig and Wallace set off to fish, but they had scarcely made a cast when loud outcries from little Ned and Mollie caused them to run back in haste. They were just in time to take part in a scrimmage between Farrar and a strange quadruped that they were at first at a loss to classify. The Yorkshireman was on the ground, shouting, but as often as he tried to regain his legs his assailant rushed upon him. Meanwhile the two children were making the island resound to their cries of alarm.

Farrar, it seems, had been moving round, gathering fallen branches from the trees for a fire, and had collected a large armful of sticks when something assailed him from behind and, knocking him down, sent him rolling

aboard was deplorable. Many were shouting in alarm; children were crying with hunger, and poor old men sat moaning and imploring aid from Heaven. They had been on the bark three days, and a number had died, for typhus had broken out the first day.

The motor boat was in charge of a blacksmith and his son, neither of whom knew much about such craft. The motor had stopped, and boat and towline had swung alongside the bark. The aspect of affairs was so dubious that at first Craig and Hughes were inclined to pass by as quickly as possible. But on looking more closely they perceived what straits the people were in, and, coming about, worked up to where the motor boat lay bumping the side of the bark. They could not learn much from the blacksmith and his son; even Farrar could not understand a word they said, for they proved to be Finns. Craig stepped aboard and examined the engine; the immediate cause of trouble was the clogging of the feed pipe from the fuel tank. They had to take it out with such tools as were in the boat and clear it. In the course of an hour or so the motor was working.

There is no doubt that the poor people were grateful. They leaned over the high rail and shouted down thanks without limit. One old peasant woman seemed desirous of paying Craig for his trouble; at least she extended her hand with what looked like a wad of Russian paper money. But Craig shook his head; then rather imprudently he bowed and said, "Madam, we are Americans."

It was a magic word! Instantly from all those distressed people rose shouts of joy. "Armericoni! Armericoni!" they cried again and again. For was it not Americans from the great distant, golden land in the West that were sending them food?

Never was popular favor so suddenly achieved; and when Craig and Hughes would have pushed off clear of the bark one and all of those helpless souls cried out to them to stand by and go with them to Saratov. It was pitiful. Thinking that the Finns probably would have further trouble, our friends shortened sail sufficiently to accompany the slowly moving bark.

Two other barks, a steamer and a score or more of smaller craft presently came in sight, and all proved to be bound for Saratov. That large city is situated on rugged hillsides along the west shore of the Volga, which at that place is several miles wide. In times of drought, however, there are numerous shoals, and vessels are unable to approach nearer than a mile of the town.

During the day Beckwith and Hughes had decided that they might enter Saratov along with the other refugees and, by making the acquaintance of the Red Cross agents in charge of the distribution of American food, obtain at least a small supply. Farrar's little ones were especially in need of good nourishing food; both had been painfully ill during the last few days. So the voyagers fell in with the procession of refugees from the barks and boats who were streaming over the long plank walks across the sands and shoals leading to the city. Their own boat and everything in it they had to leave at the landing place—everything except the two precious bags, which they took with them.

But now an unforeseen peril presented itself. The rush of hungry, diseased people to Saratov had led the Red Cross agents to take precautions against epidemics, particularly typhus; they had called in physicians and had asked the Bolshevik government at Moscow for a sufficient military force to maintain order. The doctors, who were mostly German army surgeons, met the newcomers and under an armed escort marshaled them all off to extensive old barracks where formerly a town garrison had been housed. There, still under a guard of soldiers, they were examined; the doctors separated those who were ill from those who were merely in want of food. Following close on the physicians were soviet commissaries and officers, evidently on the watch for foreigners and others whom the revolutionists had reason to distrust. Gladly would the two Americans have been back in their boat on the Volga, but there was now no opportunity of getting away.

"Wallace, we're in for it!" Craig whispered. "But we'll put on a bold front and tell a straight story."

"How about the platinum, shall we declare that?" Hughes whispered back.

"We shall never get out of Russia alive if we do!" muttered Craig. "They would seize it and keep us in prison till doomsday!"

"Risk it then, shall we, and trust to their not finding it?" Hughes asked.

"Might as well," Craig said grimly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PRECIOUS PLATINUM

By C.A. Stephens

Chapter Five

Facing unforeseen peril

AT the foot of the island in the Volga where the fugitives had landed to spend the night Craig and Wallace were stringing their hooks to fish the eddy when they heard a sudden whirring of wings. A flock of large migrating birds—pigeons they seemed to be—was passing over the river, flying southward, probably from their summer haunts in the Urals. As they went over the island seven or eight, the younger birds maybe, settled on the top of one of the great bare sycamores as if fatigued from their long flight. Mollie cried out excitedly, but Craig said, "Sh! Don't speak! Don't move!" And, creeping to the boat, he got the shotgun, the right barrel of which was loaded with a full charge of duck shot.

Crawling forward toward the foot of the tree, Craig was able to get a close shot, and by good luck he brought down four. They were good plump young birds nourished on Ural Mountain berries. Farrar was convinced that Providence had sent them that way and had caused them to light there on purpose to give his hungry children the supper they so greatly needed. Nor were Beckwith and Hughes in the least inclined to argue the matter with the kind-hearted Yorkshireman.

The old brown sail of the Cossack's fishing boat served another useful purpose; they covered themselves with it nights, for now a fall chill was in the air. They began to fear that ice would form on the Volga before they could reach Astrakhan. Even the southern part of Russia that they had now reached lies farther north by nearly ten degrees than New York State or New England.

For breakfast the next morning they picked the bones of the four pigeons and soaked a few hard crusts of bread for little Ned and Mollie. Where their next food would come from was dimly uncertain. Craig and Hughes now feared that their bold plan of escaping from Russia was leading them into a famine-stricken land where they should all perish miserably from starvation.

Wind from the north blew dust clouds across the river that day, but they were able to use the sail. Although in former times the Volga was a great artery of traffic where steamers and sail craft were constantly passing and repassing, it was now as deserted and silent as some river of a dead world. Not even a fishing boat did the voyagers sight. Once that forenoon at a place where there appeared to be a cave under the cliffs along the west shore they saw a party of wild-looking people silently watching them. Craig hailed them but received no reply. Caves in the limestone bluffs were numerous, and Hughes conjectured that refugees might be living in them, having perhaps laid up stores of food.

Not to lose a chance of catching something, the Americans kept two lines with spoon hooks trolling from the stern of the boat, and some time later they hooked a curious fish the like of which neither they nor Farrar had ever seen. It weighed several pounds, had a prickly fin the entire length of its back and in place of scales was covered with stiff bristles or quills. Craig called it a Volga hedgehog. They doubted whether they could eat it with safety, but, being very hungry, they landed at last on a small brushy island and kindled a fire. Dressing their fish proved somewhat difficult on account of the "quills." Craig finally skinned it. Queer as the creature looked, it proved palatable when fried.



A large drifting bark, the deck of which was crowded with people

An hour or two later "Mother Volga" yielded them game of quite another sort. They were sailing slowly at the time at no great distance from the crags on the west shore, which at that place were no more than forty or fifty feet high. Suddenly they heard shrill outcries and the cackling of a fowl, and there appeared racing along the crest of the cliffs several youngsters with long sticks in their hands, chasing a loudly cackling rooster. It was a long-legged bird and it ran well. The youngsters also ran well; they headed him off, first up, then down the crest of the cliff, trying to knock him over with their sticks. For some time the old bird eluded them, but at last, being too hard pressed, he took wing and flew straight out over the river as if aiming to reach an island two or three hundred yards away. His domesticated wings, however, were unequal to so long a flight. Still cackling and squawking, he came down in the water not far ahead of the boat, and there he lay, flapping his wings. Craig brought the boat close alongside, and they secured the fowl. Meanwhile the youngsters stood looking on in silent discomfiture. Hughes shouted to them, and Craig held up the rooster with some notion of restoring it to them. At sound of his voice, however, they all took to their heels and disappeared.

"Hoot-a-hoot!" Farrar exclaimed. "Maybe the old bird never belonged to them either."

"In that case I think we will take possession," remarked Craig.

How even a tough, long-legged rooster had escaped his fate so long in that hungry land was remarkable! They could see forest land over the top of the shore cliffs and concluded that the "old bird" had taken to the woods before the famine had set in.

In return for all their trolling the next day the river yielded them only a small bream and a fish resembling a pike. They passed two large towns on the east side of the river, one of which was probably Samara. If they had known of the efforts of the American

completely over, sticks and all. As often as he tried to get up other blows hurled him back. No wonder little Ned and Mollie were raising an alarm!

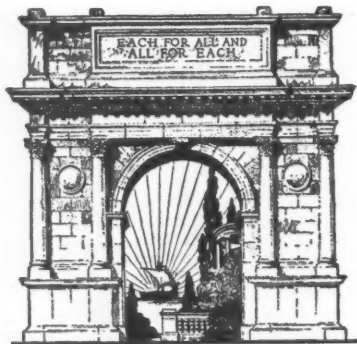
Craig said afterwards that he and Hughes had to look twice before they made out what Farrar's antagonist was. It was indeed a large, immensely shaggy, long-bearded goat with tall upstanding horns. They had never seen a goat at all like it. Its hair, which was nearly black, hung down within a few inches of the ground, and so did its beard. Perhaps the wise old fellow with some prescience that all domestic animals were likely to be slaughtered for food had swum off to the remote island to wait till the famine was over.

Such wisdom would seem to deserve a better fate, but Craig was not long in coming to Farrar's rescue with the shotgun. The result was that in the course of half an hour the goat was hanging by the hind legs to a branch, divested of his shaggy hide and all ready to furnish meat for the frying pan.

Despite the hard knocks he had received Farrar did not doubt that Providence had sent the goat, though along about the third day they had subsisted on it he remarked to Beckwith: "Na doot 'twar providential, but I'd like to ha' some good sweet mutton now."

Wind from the north still favored them. On the day before reaching Saratov they came up with a large drifting bark, the deck of which was crowded with people, two hundred or more, who were trying to reach the city, where they had heard that American wheat was being distributed. It seems that the famishing people had taken possession of the boat, which had been laid up at Syzran, up the river. They had also obtained a small motor boat for towing the bark, but something had gone wrong with the engine; bark and motor boat were helplessly adrift. The unwieldy craft would turn now this way, now that way, as the sluggish current bore it slowly down the river.

The condition of the unfortunate people



FACT AND COMMENT

HIGH WORDS and low language are usually not far apart.

A LIBRARY is often a room in which there are too many volumes and not enough books.

"Ah, come and watch me work!" the Strong Man Cries;
"Please come and help; I need you," says the Wise.

WE CAN SELDOM HIDE what we think, for even our silence often expresses our opinion.

THE BOY that spent a part of the summer in a training camp remembers with pride his well "policed" barracks and company streets. Keep the leaves raked up and the home lawns free from scraps of paper. To take pride in a neat dooryard is one of the best lessons that a boy or girl ever learns.

REYKJAVIK, the capital city of Iceland, will not worry about coal for household heating if the city authorities succeed in their plans for utilizing the geysers and hot springs outside the city. They believe that it is practical to bring the hot water into the city through wooden pipes and make it available to all the householders. The waters from the geysers are always hot enough to keep radiators sizzling.

A BRANCH OFFICE of a New York bank that has been established aboard the steamship Leviathan does a brisk business in cashing travelers' checks and changing money from one currency to another. It also does a general banking business for the purser's office, the radio, post office, restaurant and the many shops aboard the ship. Another service is cashing wireless money orders for passengers. One such payment was made in twenty minutes from the time the passenger discovered that he was out of money.

A YOUNG FRENCHMAN landed in New York the other day after crossing the Atlantic alone in a thirty-foot sailboat. The voyage of fifty-six hundred miles took one hundred and forty-two days. The lone mariner met with three hurricanes, in which he all but lost his life; he suffered from sickness and lack of water and once was unconscious for forty-eight hours, but he finally brought his little craft into port. Eighty-four days out he happily fell in with a Greek steamer that hove to and gave him medical aid and fresh supplies.

AN AMERICAN COMPANY has recently bought from the Shipping Board seven 502-foot vessels and contracted to use them in a round-the-world service of at least ten sailings a year for five years. The vessels will clear from New York or Boston for Havana, and then will pass through the Panama Canal and north to San Francisco. From there they will go to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila, Saigon, Java, Singapore and Colombo, through the Suez Canal to Alexandria, Genoa, Marseilles, the Azores, back to New York or Boston. These ships, unlike the freighters now running on that route, have large passenger accommodations.

THE ACCEPTED PLANS for a new Baptist church building in Hartford, Connecticut, show the tendencies of modern thought. In the first place the new structure will be the home of two churches that have united; also it will provide a definite place for many of the social activities that are regarded as useful in binding young people more closely to the church. Besides an auditorium that will seat sixteen hundred people there will be a gymnasium, shower baths, recreation rooms, lecture rooms, pastor's offices, ladies' parlors, a kitchen and dining rooms, janitor's apartment and assembly rooms for Sunday

schools. The main auditorium will have three galleries, in the second of which there will be a moving-picture apparatus.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE GREAT LAKES

WHO was the first white man to see and to explore the wonderful chain of inland seas that we call the Great Lakes? The history books will tell you that it was Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Quebec, one of the most intrepid of the pioneers who established the empire of France in the New World. But there is good reason to believe that the credit belongs to a more obscure man—Etienne Brulé; and that Brulé actually guided Champlain on his famous journey of exploration in 1615 to the head of Lake Huron, a body of water with which Brulé had long been familiar. Only a few weeks ago the Historical Society at Sault Sainte Marie paid a long-deferred honor to the forgotten discoverer by unveiling a stone cairn erected to his memory on the shore of Lake Superior.

Although you will not find Brulé's name in the encyclopedias or in the school histories, that diligent student of the dramatic story of French colonization in America, Francis Parkman, knew him well and tells us much about him in *The Pioneers of France in the New World*. Brulé was one of the first of a line of adventurers, who, from inclination or necessity, abandoned even the rough civilization of Quebec and became in all except blood an Indian. Very early he joined the Hurons, was adopted by their chief Aenone and lived in their wigwams for twenty-three years.

Once, Parkman relates, he was taken prisoner by the Iroquois and was about to be burned at the stake; but in the midst of the torture one of the savages snatched at the Agnus Dei that hung on Brulé's chest. Brulé shouted out a curse upon him; almost at the moment a terrific storm of lightning and thunder burst over the spot, and the superstitious Indians let the Frenchman go.

Brulé, if he lived with the Hurons,—as he certainly did,—must have seen and traveled over several of the Great Lakes some time before Champlain first viewed them. It is easy enough to see why he got no lasting credit for the discovery. He never laid claim to the honor, and, living among the savages, unknown to all except the most adventurous of his French brethren, he was in no position to impress his name on the tablets of history. Champlain, already a famous man, able and ready to write a full and interesting account of his exploit, naturally enough won the distinction that really belonged to Brulé. And yet the injustice is not, perhaps, serious, since Champlain's visit to the Great Lakes did really open them to the knowledge of the world and was the first step in dedicating them to the uses of civilization. Brulé would never have done what Champlain did. His knowledge would have died with him; he would have been a discoverer who never told anyone of his discovery. His would have been a barren honor and a useless exploit.

GERMANY SURRENDERS

FOR a long time after the armistice of Rethonde, the Germans, both public men and private citizens, believed that the war was not irreparably lost. Even after the Treaty of Versailles was signed they entertained a not unreasonable hope that they might escape the financial consequences of defeat. They were encouraged by the refusal of the Senate of the United States to ratify the treaty and by the very early divergence between the interests and the views of France and those of Great Britain. The reckless financial policy that has ended at last in the complete collapse of the German currency was adopted with the idea of making it impossible for the government to pay any reparations in money that would be worth anything abroad. Chancellor Wirth believed and Chancellor Cuno hoped that before things had gone too far Great Britain would interfere to save Germany from its treaty obligations.

Chancellor Stresemann knows that Great Britain will do nothing of the sort, and he has assumed the painful responsibility of telling his countrymen so. The occupation of the Ruhr by the French, which was a distinctly military movement, has had the result M. Poincaré intended it to have. Great Britain

does not like it, but does not intend to go to war about it. Germany cannot any longer finance the passive resistance of the Ruhr workmen. It cannot definitely endure the hand of the French army on the throat of its industry without becoming actually as well as technically bankrupt. The chancellor admits that Germany must make terms with France. He is ready to offer France a share in the receipts of all the great industrial companies, either through direct ownership of a part of the shares of capital or through payments made by the government—a sort of mortgage claim on German industry at large. The government itself cannot pay any reparations out of its revenue; its taxes are unpaid, or are paid in worthless money. But industry can pay. Stresemann promises that it shall, and we get the impression that Stinnes, Thyssen, von Haniel, the wealthy men of Germany, have at last agreed with the chancellor that there is nothing else to be done. It is the final admission that Germany lost the war.

The final arrangements for paying the reparations that France and Belgium demand are yet to be made; and those arrangements can only be determined by a conference in which Great Britain and Italy will also have a voice. But with the agreement by Germany to abandon "passive resistance" in the Ruhr the great obstacle to a settlement is removed. It is of course possible that a movement, either monarchical or communistic, may arise in Germany strong enough to overthrow the existing government and disown the agreement that Chancellor Stresemann is ready to make. But the chance of that is small. The Germans, both in and out of office, are pretty well convinced by this time that they have lost the war and must pay the price of defeat.

SUPERFLUITY

NO one really desires superfluous things, yet most people are bothered by the possession of them and even by the necessity of striving to accumulate them. The competitive instinct is chiefly responsible for the ordinary man's failure to cope with the problem of superfluities. Pioneers in the woods or on the plains have never been troubled by such a problem or interested in it. But when people live in communities and have a more or less artificial or conventional social life superfluous possessions assume a certain dignity and importance. Indeed, one of the difficulties that confront people in modern civilized life is to decide what is really superfluous and what is not. And many people, even though they are able to decide the question for themselves correctly, lack the courage of their convictions.

To economize is to dispense with the superfluous. But superfluities do not consist only in tangible objects—glassware, silverware, jewelry, for example. Some of the most troublesome superfluities are emotional. Gusty wrath over trivial matters, violent partisanship in remote or unessential causes, are superfluities that people who may be extremely economical, even penurious, in some directions often permit themselves. Anger is seldom valuable as a stimulus. It nearly always does the person who feels it more harm than good. It is one of the superfluities that in the ordinary relations of life experienced persons find it wise to dispense with.

Undisciplined people are constantly suffering from a superfluity of emotion. They make life hard for others as well as for themselves.

THE NEGRO EXODUS

THE last census made it sufficiently clear that there was a definite movement of the negro population northward. In Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana and Kentucky there were actually fewer negroes in 1920 than there were in 1910. In the other Southern States the negro population was almost stationary, whereas the white population was increasing with some speed. On the other hand the chief manufacturing states of the North showed a marked increase in negro population.

These facts were attributed—and rightly no doubt—to the effects of the war, with the exceptional opportunities for labor and the high pay offered by the great industries that are largely centered in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois. But the exodus of negroes from the South did not stop with the war. The industrial depression of 1921 did not check it. It was said to be

greater last year than ever before. The Georgia State College of Agriculture reports that 86,000 negroes have recently left that state. A similar investigation indicated that 48,000 have migrated from South Carolina since November 1, 1922. The South is naturally disturbed, for it has depended on the negro for its unskilled and semi-skilled labor. The growth of its industry and the upkeep of the material equipment of its civilization will suffer if the outflow of its negro population is long continued.

It is generally agreed that the negro migrates chiefly for economic reasons, but it is probable that social ambitions also have something to do with the movement, for the negro thinks that he will find less discrimination against him on account of his color in the North—an expectation that is to some degree realized, though not always to the extent that he hopes. But he usually goes North to better his economic condition. The boll weevil has made it almost impossible for the small cotton cropper who hires his land and borrows money for his seed and his living expenses in anticipation of his crop to make anything. Thousands of negro cotton growers have lost their courage in the face of one crop failure after another. Then, the new immigration law has diminished the supply of unskilled labor in the North, and fixed the rate of wages for such labor at tempting figures. In the circumstances it is not much wonder that the more restless and ambitious negroes go North.

Apart from his improved economic condition the black man is probably not so well off in the North as in the South. The climate does not suit him so well, and he is not by nature or constitution a city dweller. But so long as present conditions exist there will be some flow of negro population out of the South. Laws meant to prohibit or discourage migration will not meet the case. Only when the negro finds that agricultural opportunities in the South are improving and that wages there are rising to something like an equality with those he can earn in the Northern cities will he cease to be lured away by the hope of bettering his condition. We believe that when that time comes he will prefer to remain in the sunnier and more genial clime.

A PROPOSED SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF POVERTY

AN interesting economic experiment is in progress in India under the inspiration and immediate direction of Capt. J. W. Petavel, a retired British army officer and a lecturer on the problem of poverty at the University of Calcutta. It aims at nothing less than overcoming the poverty in that country of a chronic oversupply of labor and consequent unemployment. Unlike many solutions of the problem, that of Captain Petavel is based on a rather definite system of economic philosophy.

He recognizes that the dominant characteristic of the present economic system is that most articles are produced for sale rather than for consumption. That is, few live on what they themselves produce; most of us sell our products or services and buy those of other people. On the whole, and for the great majority of people in a country like the United States, England, or any other country of the Western World, that system works well. Adam Smith began his great treatise on the Wealth of Nations by explaining the advantages of a division of labor, and of specialization and free exchange. Under that system the country as a whole prospers vastly more than would be possible under the system of producing for consumption; that is, where each man produces what he himself needs rather than something to sell. It happens, however, that many persons fail to fit into the system; they are either unable to produce what will sell advantageously or they do not know how to sell it. In most Western countries such persons are a small minority of the whole population, but in a country like India they form a large part of it. What Captain Petavel proposes is that the system of production for sale shall be left undisturbed, thus permitting those who prosper under it to retain all its advantages; but that alongside it and under the protection and fostering care of the same government a system of producing for consumption shall be organized.

One great advantage of the system of production for sale is that it permits specialization, organization and increased efficiency; and one difficulty with the system of

production for consumption is that hitherto those who have tried it have been compelled to work alone, without organization and without opportunity to specialize. The person who tries to produce everything he needs must do so many things that he can never become very skillful in any one of them. Captain Petavel proposes to overcome that difficulty by supplying managing ability from the outside and organizing considerable colonies within which each dweller can specialize. He thinks that the whole colony can then be self-supporting; the colony as a whole will produce all that it consumes and consume all that it produces, yet each individual can specialize on the thing that he can do best. By establishing groups of such self-supporting colonies throughout India he hopes to be able to take care of all those who have not been able to fit themselves into the system of production for sale. He would thus reestablish for those who need it the older system of production for consumption, and at the same time give full and free opportunity for the still greater development of the existing system of production for sale.

A number of institutions for the care of the dependent classes in this country have made partial attempts of the same kind; that is to say, they have tried to organize the inmates for productive work, though, so far as is known, none of them has achieved complete self-support. If Captain Petavel can attain that result on a large scale in India he will give the world a most valuable lesson.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

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CURRENT EVENTS

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, having been poet, novelist, dramatist, soldier, aviator and filibuster, is studying counterpoint with a view to composing an opera. The versatility and energy of the man remind us of the great Italians of the Renaissance, though, living as we do, in a more critical, not to say cynical, age, we do not find him so admirable as some of his prototypes four hundred years ago. And yet—he is a remarkable man and a personage.

THE State of Oklahoma is in a turmoil over the efforts that Governor Walton is making to suppress certain bands of masked vigilantes that have been setting the law at defiance in various parts of the state. It is reported that over twelve hundred men and women have been horsewhipped or otherwise punished by these bands, and the local authorities have been either powerless or unwilling to put a stop to it. The Ku-Klux Klan is strong in Oklahoma and the governor accuses it of being at the bottom of these outrages, a charge that the officials of the Klan hotly deny. The governor put a good

part of the state under martial law and announced that the legislature—which he believes is controlled by the Klan—should not meet in special session, as its leaders desired it to do. A good many citizens who sympathize with the governor's desire to break up the masked bands of horsewhippers think that he has been unnecessarily harsh and arbitrary in his methods.

THE British government, finding the system of doles for unemployed persons becoming more and more burdensome and demoralizing, is considering ways and means for getting some work done in return for the help that the unemployed classes need. Gratiuity merely subsidizes unemployment, increases idleness and lowers the self-respect and the morale of the community. The government is now urging railways to electrify, farmers to drain and improve land, towns to extend their public-service enterprises, mills and factories to repair and renew equipment. The government will lend its credit to encourage all such work and use public money if necessary to finance it. The idea is to deal with unemployment by making employment rather than by distributing charity.

IRELAND has been admitted as a member of the League of Nations, and President Cosgrave, who was himself present at Geneva, made an eloquent address to the assembly partly in Gaelic by way of impressing upon the delegates the essentially "national" character of the people he represented. A delegate from Cuba, Dr. Della Torriente, was chosen to preside over the assembly. The other candidate was Dr. Motta of Switzerland.

THE unrest that has resulted in the ousting of the parliamentary government of Spain by a military directorate under the presidency of Gen. Primo Rivera is not primarily economic, for Spain is on the whole more prosperous than it has been for some years. The trouble is political and arises from the humiliation to which Spain has been exposed by its unfortunate military campaigns in Morocco. Some years ago Spain undertook to maintain a protectorate over that part of Morocco opposite Gibraltar, persuaded thereto by a certain jealousy of the growing empire of France in northern Africa. But the Spanish government has never made good its hold on Morocco. The warlike natives of the back country—the Riffs—have never admitted the right of Spain to enter their territory, and every attempt of the Spanish army to reduce them to order and submission has resulted in a smashing defeat. Thousands of lives and millions of dollars have been wasted in that way. Only a little while ago the greatest and best equipped force that Spain had ever sent into Morocco was surprised and almost wiped out by the Riffs. General Rivera declares that the new government is nonpolitical and will introduce many needed economies. He has deported many politicians and governmental officials who, he says, were incompetent or corrupt.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL DAUGHERTY has given the opinion that the late President Harding asked him for on whether the navy could be used to enforce prohibition. Mr. Daugherty finds that it would not be legal to employ the navy for such a purpose without the express authorization of Congress, unless an emergency existed, and that apparently no such emergency does exist. An emergency would be created if by reason of unlawful obstruction, combinations, or assemblages of persons, or rebellion against the authorities of the United States, it should become impossible for the President to enforce the laws in the ordinary course of executive or judicial proceedings.

THE meeting of the British Association brought forth a number of striking addresses on scientific subjects—none of more popular interest than that by Sir Ernest Rutherford, the president of the association. He described the atom as a miniature solar system with electrons whirling round a nucleus at the rate of ninety-three thousand miles a second. Notwithstanding this tremendous activity it was improbable, in his opinion, that an immense store of energy would be released if man ever succeeded in breaking up the atom; he stated that "it is by no means certain today that the atoms contain hidden stores of energy."

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A FAREWELL AND A GREETING

By Marion Benson Matthews

"Good-by! Good-by!" the robins cry,
 "Until another spring;
 The birds and flowers cannot endure
 The woes that old Jack Frost is sure
 To bring."

"Ho, ho! Ho, ho!" laughs old Jack Frost.
 "Who says that I bring woes?
 I bring the ice for skates and sled,
 And make your cheeks look like a red
 June rose!"



Ray Coon's mother was making
apple sauce

THE JOKE SCARECROW

By G. H. Smith

RAY COON'S mother was making apple sauce, and Ray Coon was standing by watching her as she worked, for he liked to eat apple sauce every morning for breakfast.

"Ray," said his mother, "please go over to that tree by the stone wall where the reddest apples grow and bring me some more apples."

Ray Coon picked up his basket and started off to the tree where the reddest apples grew. He hummed a merry tune as he walked along, for he felt happy, but when he came to the tree he saw that almost all the apples on the side near the stone wall were gone.

"Somebody must have stolen those apples," said Ray to himself, "and it was somebody that could not climb a tree. I guess I had better let Policeman Dog know about this."

There were a great many apples left on the other side of the tree, and so it did not take Ray long to fill his basket. But before he went to find Policeman Dog he thought that he would make a scarecrow and put it up near the wall. Now Ray did not know exactly how to make a scarecrow, but he set to work and after a while he had something that he thought would do. He set it up in plain sight from the wall and then went to look for Policeman Dog. He did not have to go far.

"Hello, Ray Coon," said Policeman Dog gayly, but when he saw the troubled look on Ray's face he added, "What's the matter?"

"There's a thief that's been stealing apples off that tree by the stone wall," said Ray. "I put up a scarecrow to keep him off, but I thought I had better notify you, sir."

"That was right," said Policeman Dog. "I'll watch out for him."

Every day after that Ray Coon went to the apple tree to see whether the thief had been back and to get an apple or two besides, for that tree had the reddest apples on it, and Ray was very fond of sweet red apples. For the first two or three days he saw no trace of the thief, and he began to think that his scarecrow must really be a pretty good one; but on the fourth day he discovered that some more apples had been stolen.

He went in search of Policeman Dog and



He had something that he thought
would do



"I thought I had better notify you, sir"

told him what had happened. "I guess he isn't afraid of my scarecrow any longer," said Ray.

Policeman Dog thought for a great while and then he said, "I'll tell you what, Ray Coon. I'll dress up in the scarecrow's clothes and hide by the tree tonight. When the thief comes he will think that I am just the scarecrow and will come straight ahead. Then I can catch him." Ray Coon grinned and winked at Policeman Dog and thought that the plan was a fine one.

That night they met at the corner of the fence and walked along together until they came to the apple tree. Policeman Dog got into the scarecrow's clothes and tried to look as much like a scarecrow as possible. Ray Coon hid behind a barberry bush where he was out of sight but where he could see everything that went on.

Before they had waited very long they heard footsteps. Neither Ray nor Policeman Dog made a sound.

By and by a red head appeared above the top of the stone wall. From his hiding place behind the barberry bush Ray Coon saw that it was Rusty Fox, but he didn't make a sound. Policeman Dog didn't move.

"That old scarecrow is certainly a good joke," said Rusty Fox, and he sat down on the wall and laughed heartily to himself as if he thought that the joke was very funny.

Policeman Dog did not move at all.

High above Rusty's head hung a large red apple. It was the largest and the reddest apple that Rusty thought he had ever seen. But he had to reach high to get it. Still chuckling to himself over what he thought was very funny, he held it in his hand and looked at it. "That must be the largest and reddest apple on the tree. I guess Ray Coon would enjoy that," he said to himself and laughed again.

"I guess he will," said Policeman Dog, and just then he grabbed the thief and held him fast.

"Ray," said Policeman Dog, "Rusty has an apple here that he thinks you would enjoy. It was the largest and reddest apple on the tree."

Ray Coon came out from behind the barberry bush and strolled up to where Rusty Fox and Policeman Dog were.

"That is very kind of you, Rusty," said Ray, "but you worked so hard for it that I think you ought to keep it. Besides," he added in an offhand manner, "I have almost a whole treeful left. Some one has been



"Rusty has an apple here that he thinks
you would enjoy"

stealing them, but I don't believe that he will trouble me any more."

Rusty Fox jumped down from the wall and slunk away through the bushes.

Ray Coon looked at Policeman Dog and grinned.

"I'm glad Rusty thought that scarecrow was such a good joke," he said.

FRANK'S BANDED ROBIN

By Ruth Mowry Brown

ALL through the beautiful summer days Frank had been watching the birds. There was one robin redbreast that he called his own, because he had fed it and it had become very tame. In the spring the robin had built a nest under the roof of the porch, and Frank could look into it from the window. First he saw the light blue eggs and then the funny-looking baby birds, and he watched the mother feed them. Now it was almost time for the birds to fly south for the winter, and Frank knew that he should miss them greatly. He was especially sorry to have his robin go and leave him.

Just at this time Frank's Uncle George came to the house bringing with him a wire trap nearly a yard long.

"What is that for?" asked Frank.

"I use it to catch birds so that I can band them," answered his uncle.

"Band them? What does that mean?"

"I am employed by the United States government to care for birds and to learn all that I can about them. My farm is a 'bird sanctuary,'" answered Uncle George. "No birds can be killed on my farm. I have built places where the birds can bathe and can have water to drink. I put out food for them and do everything I can to make their home a pleasant one. I also study their habits. Birds are valuable help to farmers and to people who have gardens. We ought to have more song birds to destroy the insect pests that eat the crops."

"Then too," continued Frank's uncle, "the government wishes to know more about the habits of the birds—where they spend the winter and whether they return to the same place in the north the next spring. So on the birds I catch I put a tiny band with a number."

"O uncle, do you mean that you can catch my robin and band him so that we shall know where he went from here?"

"We can try," answered the uncle.

The trap was placed on the ground where Frank said he usually fed the robin. Uncle George made a little path of seeds leading

to the trap and put some inside it too. Then Frank and his uncle went into the house that the bird might not see them.

After supper the two looked at the trap, but found nothing inside. "I'm going to close the trap for the night," said Uncle George. "I do not wish any bird to be caught and have to stay in it all night. It would try to get out and might hurt itself."

Early the next morning Frank's uncle was out and again set the trap, and as Frank came downstairs before breakfast he met his uncle coming in. In his hand he held a small box made of netting.

"Come with me, Frank," he said, "and we will look at the trap." They found a robin fluttering round inside. Frank felt sure that it was his particular pet. Uncle George put the net box at one end of the trap where there was a door. He opened that, and then he gently coaxed the bird into the box. When it was safely inside Uncle George reached in his hand and took out the robin. Holding it securely round the neck he took from his pocket a tiny piece of curved metal on which was the number 69,804. Then he put this metal ring round the robin's leg and pinched it together with a pair of pliers.

"See, Frank, it slips up and down on the leg and cannot hurt the bird. Now when the robin flies south if some other bird-banding agent catches it in his trap he will look at the number and send word to Washington that he has found robin 69,804 and tell where he found him. At Washington they will write me about it, and I will tell you. Of course it may be that no one will catch this particular robin because there are a great many birds and only a few people banding them."

"Could I do it, Uncle George?"

"No. The government allows only those who know a great deal about birds to do this work."

Very often through the winter Frank and his mother talked about the robin. Sometimes they imagined him in Florida, sometimes in South Carolina.

When the birds returned in the spring, one robin seemed so tame that Frank felt sure it must be his pet. Soon the bird began to build a nest in about the same place under the porch roof where the nest had been the summer before. It was not long before Uncle George came to the house again bringing his



THE PHILOSOPHER

By Pringle Barret

I think that little children should
 Be brought up to be very good

And taught to clean and sweep and dust
 And hang up clothes, as children must.

They should be made to go to school
 And learn their lessons—as a rule—

And taught to cook and wash and sew
 And other things that grown-ups know.

Then when at night they go upstairs
 And kneel to say their little prayers,

If they've been good the whole day through
 And done the things they ought to do,

Behaved themselves as children should,
 They will be glad they were so good.

SUNSET

By Miriam Clark Potter

Earth's colors are so beautiful
 All shining in the day;
 But when the sun goes from the sky
 He steals them all away.

The King of Color leads them off
 To lands behind the dawn;
 The blowing green deserts the grass;
 All silver is the lawn.

And all the yellows, reds and blues
 That in the garden grew
 Like shadows in the grass appear,
 Gray ghosts to wait the dew.

But see; a streak of flaming rose
 Is showing in the west;
 One laggard soldier trails away
 Much later than the rest.

bird trap. They set it in the old place and baited with seeds as they had done before and put in pieces of twine and cotton for the nest. After a little they caught the robin and found the band 69,804 on his leg.

"O Uncle George!" exclaimed Frank, jumping up and down in excitement. "It is my robin. That's the very number you put on. Isn't it splendid? When do you suppose you will hear from Washington?"

Uncle George took a paper from his pocket on which was recorded the report of many birds banded. Among them they found robin 69,804 caught in Alabama on December 24 and again on February 18.

"Now I know just where my robin spent the winter," said Frank eagerly. "I'm going to read all I can find about Alabama so that I shall know just what kind of a place it is and how it looks down there. You can learn a lot about birds by banding, can't you?"

"Say, Uncle George," continued Frank, "with airplanes and radio and bird banding we shall soon know everything there is to know, shan't we?"

But in response to that question Uncle George only shook his head and laughed.

THE NUT PASTURE

By Christine Turner Curtis



*As I let down the pasture bars
I saw the nut trees on the hill
Huddled in their copper coats
Against the autumn chill:*

*The shagbarks all in rusty gold
Scalloped softly on the sky;
And I heard the wind among the boughs
As I went walking by.*

*And the rattle of the little nuts
Bursting out of their frosted shells
And clicking on the old gray stones
Among the dips and dells.*

*And it was all so bright and still—
The crickets lisp in the weeds,
And juncos on the goldenrod
Picking the yellow seeds;*

*So still and bright there seemed to brew
Out of the rolling pastures all
A kind of amber mellowness,
The rich wild flower of the fall,*

*Seemed to brew deliciously,
And through my drowsy veins to run
Till I was drugged with mead of the air
And syrup of the sun.*



HER HIGH COMPLIMENT

MISS TOMAN had told the Sunday-school superintendent that she meant to give up her class of boys. "I am convinced that I am not a teacher," she said. "I have done my best, but it seems to me I have made little impression. Of course I love the boys, but they are so unresponsive, so trying at times!"

But the superintendent persuaded her to keep on. "Even if your teaching is wasted, which I do not admit," he argued, "the life you have lived before those boys has not been wasted."

The truth of that remark came to her in an unexpected way the very next Sunday. The class were talking about heaven and how they should feel to find that some one they loved was not there.

"Suppose we think of it this way, boys," she said. "We have been together as a class for some time. We have been good comrades, good friends; we have had good times together. Suppose we got the class together in heaven and found three or four missing. You know how you would feel. Can't you see how important it is that we live, each and every one of us, so that we'll all be present when the class meets in heaven?"

The boys were looking at her with serious, wide eyes.

"That applies to me as well as to you," she went on. "It is just as important that I live so that I'll be sure of meeting you in heaven. Suppose all the rest of you met up there; suppose you were all present but me. Suppose you hunted everywhere for me and couldn't find me. What would you think?"

The serious look on their faces deepened. It was Jim, the noisiest, the most trying and seemingly the most unresponsive of them all, that answered the question. "We'd know, Miss Toman," he said earnestly, "that you hadn't died yet."

The other boys nodded agreement. It was half in laughter, half in tears, that Miss Toman told the superintendent about the incident. "I wonder," she said, "if I'll ever receive a finer compliment than that!"



THE SECRET OF THE MACHINES

"Oh, one miss won't count, uncle; one little sin won't hurt," said Dolly.

"My dear—" began Uncle Ned. But Dolly lifted her lovely face and smiled. "Oh, everybody does a little wrong once in a while, now don't they? They wouldn't be human if they didn't slip, now would they?"

"Dolly, you love big machines, don't you?" said Uncle Ned. "They do such wonderful things at the single touch of a button or the swing of a little lever. They reveal to us the great powers that are round us, and that are at the service of men who will use them wisely. You know the little poem, the Secret of the Machines? Man says that he wants big things done, bigger than have ever before been attempted, and various machines make answer. Hear them hum and sing:

*"It is easy! Give us dynamite and drills!
Watch the iron-shouldered rocks lie down and quake
As the thirsty desert-level floods and fills
And the valley we have dammed becomes a lake!*

*"But remember, please, the law by which we live;
We are not built to comprehend a lie;
We can neither love nor pity nor forgive;
If you make a slip in handling us, you die!*

"You know how terribly true that is, Dolly; for just a few weeks ago one of the finest men you ever saw, an expert man in his business, made the first mistake and paid for it with his life. And just the other day there was that

terrible explosion at the gas factory. A workman had neglected to turn the little safety valve."

Dolly was not smiling now. "The moral forces at our disposal," continued her uncle, "are far greater than all the physical forces of the universe, but the law is just the same. There is something terrible in the way judgment follows a wrong turn, an evil act: 'one little sin,' as you call it. Life, love, beauty, hope, trust, purity, sweetness—all blown to pieces just because a willful little person turned and said, 'I'll put this over just once.' Be careful to remember the secret of the machines. One slip may end you and bring untold misery to others besides."



"WITH THIS RING I THEE—" OH!

EVERYONE has heard of the "Little Church Around the Corner," the Church of the Transfiguration in Twenty-ninth Street, New York. It is a great church for weddings. Almost everyone who had no definite church affiliations seemed to go to the Little Church in the days of good old Dr. Houghton—and perhaps they still do. A writer in the New York Times recently told some amusing stories that he got from the church secretary about the quiet marriages that took place there. One of the best of the stories is as follows:

He was a little man, and he came alone to make arrangements for the wedding. He answered the necessary questions; the day and hour of the ceremony were fixed. Then he asked: "Wouldn't you like to see the wedding ring?"

Out of his waistcoat pocket he took a chamois bag, and out of that he took a beautifully chased platinum ring set with diamonds.

"Oh, what a fine ring!" exclaimed the secretary. "But I should think you would be afraid of losing it."

"Trust me to take good care of it," he reassured her, exhibiting a huge safety pin with which he fastened it in his waistcoat pocket.

The day before the wedding he returned to make sure that everything was all right. Again he exhibited the ring, and again he clamped it in his waistcoat pocket with the huge safety pin.

The next day at the appointed hour bride and bridegroom arrived, accompanied by a dozen or more relatives and friends. They crowded into the little room while the blanks were being filled in. At last all was attended to. The secretary smiled: "I think you're ready to go into the church now."

The bride smiled; the relatives and friends smiled. But a blank look had come over the face of the bridegroom. He could only gasp:

"I haven't got the ring! I've changed my vest!"



RUSSIA TODAY



PERHAPS the most interesting aspect of the whole Russian situation is the humdrum life of the ordinary householder in a great city. Does he pay rent and taxes? Who owns his house? Does his wife have to go shopping?

Immediately after the revolution all houses were declared government property, and a government bureau called the House Bureau was formed to administer it. The bureau is at present under the direction of a man who calls himself Comrade London, though that is not his real name. The result is that rents are now lower than they were before the revolution. That state of affairs, however, is not without its drawbacks, for, as no citizen of Moscow has a right to more than a ridiculously small cubic space, and the space was twice lessened during my seven months' stay—outsiders can be "planted" on a family at the whim of Comrade London, and even a person of the opposite sex may be put into your room. The House Bureau displays as much hostility to the idea of the family as the soviet government does, and it takes every opportunity of breaking the family up, or at least of violating the privacy of family life.

It is most difficult to prevent strangers' being quartered in your house, and the strangers are generally the worst specimens of Red workmen, permanently idle and in addition dirty and quarrelsome. Cultured people of good family and former wealth are specially liable to persecution by Bolshevik officials, who seem intent on destroying every vestige of decency and civilization. I know dozens of respectable people who have had persons eminently undesirable forced upon them, with the result that their home privacy has been utterly ruined. In one flat, occupied by a professor, the inmates are now so numerous that to wash at the water tap in the morning members of the family have to take their place in a long line.

Some families are large enough to have a small flat all to themselves and wealthy enough to keep a woman servant, but sometimes the servant begins to talk of her "rights" and to become a general nuisance. If she is then discharged, she can snap her fingers at her mistress, because the law gives her as much right to the bedroom she occupies as her mistress has to hers. I know of a manservant, employed by a foreigner, who managed to retain his room in the foreigner's house for six months after he had been discharged and was dislodged then only because the foreigner was on very good terms with the soviet government. Meanwhile the servant had brought into the house a wife, about whom he had not before spoken, and a number of children,

and his employer was actually compelled to support the entire lot of them for six months!

Bolshevism is a leveling down instead of a leveling up. I had not realized what a leveling down it was until I called on a Moscow lady whom I had known formerly, not as a rich woman, but as a cultured person with exquisite taste in music, literature and painting. Bolsheviks had atrociously murdered her husband and her brother, and all the other male members of her family except one had died or had been killed in the war. She was trying to support seven young children on the equivalent of a little more than eight dollars a month, and in order to gain that miserable pittance she had to absent herself from home all day. Even when she returned, late at night and very tired, she spent some time making artificial flowers for the children to sell in the street. The inevitable result was that the children, neglected, had assumed a coarseness of conduct that contrasted disagreeably with the fine manners of their mother.

In many cases the children of cultured people are indistinguishable from street roughs, and, being very poor, they sometimes form a virulent hatred for all people who are wealthier than themselves. The Bolshevik system of education carefully fosters the hatred, for, as the greatest commandment of Christianity is love, that of Bolshevism is hatred. The children are all potential Bolsheviks. No wonder people often exclaim in Russia, "What a generation is growing up!"



ERICSSON'S RAT TRAP

THE mind of an inventor is of a special type: never contented unless contriving some new thing. Even the greatest of inventors have made impractical and grotesque inventions. Ericsson's career contains illustrations of the oddities of inventors. In Church's Life of Ericsson we read:

When he took possession of his new quarters on Beach Street in New York he found a horde of rats there. Regarding the situation as a problem to be solved by mechanical means, he drew with his own hands the plans for a vast and mighty trap. To the leading idea, of a water tank beneath a trapdoor, he laid no claim, but the details were wholly new and were on an unheard-of scale.

An assistant draftsman made tracings, which went the rounds of the shop; the pattern maker, the brass founder, the finisher, the carpenter and the tinsmith each had a share in the novel work. At last the trap was completed and erected; it filled half the basement and was baited with half a cheese. But Ericsson had underestimated the cunning of the rats. As a place for keeping cheese in safety the ponderous engine answered admirably, but it did not frighten away the obnoxious animals, and he was forced to admit that "these little beasts have brains altogether too big for their heads."

Ericsson was perhaps the most eccentric of all the eccentric tribe of inventors. No less than two hundred and forty pins were required to make faultlessly smooth the sheet covering his mattress; yet a rough wooden box or a dictionary served him for a pillow when he turned aside from his work to stretch himself out at full length for a nap on a table standing opposite his desk. Until the bright idea of lengthening the table occurred to him one day he slept most uncomfortably with his legs dangling over the edge.

Summer and winter he wore waistcoats and stocks of buff marseilles or piqué. The material had once attracted his fancy, and he had bought one hundred and fifty yards of it and used it for those garments during the rest of his life.



BEATEN BY AN ELEPHANT

THE list of men who have encountered lions at desperately close quarters, who have been actually mauled by them and have yet survived, is long. Far fewer in the annals of African exploration and hunting are those who have come into direct personal contact with an angry elephant in his native wilds and have lived to tell the tale. One of them is Capt. W. T. Shortrose, who has recently related his terrible experience in his book, Sport and Adventure in Africa. He had shot and wounded a bull elephant after following it for six hours, and the creature

had thundered away into the bush. Renewing the pursuit, he soon caught an undefined glimpse of a gray bulk some eighty yards distant and fired again.

"The enraged beast," he writes, "dashed off a few yards and, catching our wind, uttered a shrill scream of anger and came tearing down his track straight at me. My two trackers speedily got out of the way. I pulled for the frontal brain shot when the elephant was about fifty yards away, but the safety catch was off. Hastily putting it on, I fired as soon as I possibly could. He was on me in a second, and, dashing into the thick grass on my right, I fired at his head.

"Neither shot seemed to affect him, and he nimbly swerved and caught me a blow with his trunk. Never had I seen anything move as that elephant; the speed was terrific. My fate was irrevocably sealed, I thought, but had little time to consider anything as I was 'smudged' from place to place, squashed and beaten, expecting every moment that my head would become a pancake, or that I should have a tusk thrust through my heart. Being physically strong, I kept my muscles as taut as possible and waited. I was suddenly hurled into the air and, luckily landing on my feet, was able to start creeping away.

"Scarcely had I moved when the infuriated beast leaped upon me with a snort, and the 'smudging' process began again until I saw millions of stars and seemed to be thrust into the bowels of the earth.

"Suddenly I became aware that the elephant was no longer mauling me and started crawling into the long grass at the beast's left. I seemed to remember him tearing at something on the ground."

It was the hunter's rifle, which the elephant broke in two pieces at the stock while its battered and half-fainting owner managed to stagger away, listening fearfully for another charge. He reached a tree and on a second trial managed to climb to the first fork and from that refuge to shout for help.

His native companions—better late than never—came rushing. He slid from his precarious perch and fell in a helpless heap as they reached him. He was suffering agony and supposed that half the bones in his body were broken. The natives improvised a hammock from his waterproof coat and carried him back to camp. There they sent out word of his condition, and two days later white friends reached him on motor cycles, and not long afterwards a doctor.

Six days later, although he was still weak, shaken and frightfully bruised, he had the reassuring knowledge that all his organs were intact and that nothing was broken except his collar bone.

The elephant, though its wounds were probably mortal, escaped.



THE TABLE TALK OF GREAT MEN

ONCE a man has a reputation for wit or profundity, we are ready to admire his every remark. Yet sometimes the people who enjoy the privilege of such men's acquaintance bring back from their company accounts of their conversation that are neither witty nor profound. Whether that is the fault of the great man or of the listener is not always certain.

A writer in the Manchester Guardian declares that he knows a man who had lunched with George Meredith and was greatly impressed with the brilliance of his conversation. "But the man didn't seem able to reproduce it for me even in fragmentary or in attenuated form. And yet—yes, there was the point at which the cheese was brought in, not, I take it, a mere slice or slab from the grocery round the corner, but a fair, upstanding cheese, probably a ripe Stilton or a really first-rate Cheddar in the pink of condition. And Meredith, seizing the knife, flourished it as might a jovial priest in the act of sacrifice. He exclaimed, 'Ha! the cheese!' and then—but I don't know what came next. My friend was clear that it was capital, but he couldn't quite recall the hang of it."

That story reminded Mr. Philip Hale of the Boston Herald of Thomas De Quincey's story of the man who traveled for two days and two nights with Wordsworth in a stagecoach. De Quincey asked if he remembered any profound remark made by Wordsworth. The man at last did recall one observation, uttered at Baldock, where the breakfast was good for nothing.

"And Wordsworth?"

"He observed—"

"What did he observe?"

"That the buttered toast looked, for all the world, as if it had been soaked in hot water."



PRETTY POOR NOURISHMENT

AN old negro from the back country, who was unused to modern methods in medicine, was sent to a hospital in Charleston. One of the nurses, says Everybody's Magazine, put a thermometer into his mouth to take his temperature. Presently when one of the doctors made his rounds he asked:

"Well, Nathan, how do you feel?"

"I feel right to'ble, boss."

"Have you had any nourishment?"

"Yassir."

"What did you have?"

The patient grinned. "A lady done gimme a piece of glass ter suck, boss."

FOLLOW PRECEDENT!



—Bert Thomas in London Opinion.

Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

The BOYS' PAGE

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE BOYS' PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

MAKING NAPIER'S "BONES"

TO John Napier, the wonderful mathematician who lived in the sixteenth and early seventeenth century, is generally accredited a simple but efficient calculating device to aid those who do not perfectly know the multiplication table. This device consists of a series of rods, which were originally made of bone or ivory, as were many of the instruments of the early mathematicians. By the use of Napier's rods, or "bones," we do away with all need of knowing the multiplication table, for all multiplying and dividing, however large the numbers, is done by adding and subtracting.

Anyone can make a set of Napier's bones out of strips of cardboard, but strips of wood are far better. There are eleven of the strips, and if made of wood the strips should be from an eighth to a quarter of an inch thick, three quarters of an inch wide and eight inches long. Wood taken from a cigar box is excellent material for a set of the bones. The strips should be perfectly straight along the edges, all of the same length, and the face of each covered with white paper pasted on smooth.

With a rule, measure off three-quarter-inch squares, as shown in Fig. 1, and draw lines with pencil or ink. Also draw the diagonal lines shown in the figure; these diagonals divide each square into two triangles.

One of the rods, or bones, is called the "index rod." The index rod has no diagonals and is numbered as shown at a in Fig. 1. The second rod, or bone, has naughts only. The third is shown at b in the figure and is numbered with the multiples of one; that is, 1, 2, 3, and so forth. The fourth rod—see c in the figure—is numbered with the multiples of 2; namely, 2, 4, 6, and so forth. Where the multiple includes a number over ten the ten digit is placed in the left-hand triangle. The fifth rod, or bone, has the multiples of 3; namely, 3, 6, 9, 12, and so forth. And so we proceed, until we have all of the faces of the strips numbered, with all the multiples of all units from 1 to and including 9. Thus we have on the rods, or bones, a complete multiplication table, and, having thus performed our work once, we need never make any mental multiplications.

Suppose now that we desire to multiply the number 6789 by the number 56. First, select the rods that are headed with 6, 7, 8 and 9. Place these rods side by side, so that the top figures read 6789, and at the left place the index rod. Fig. 2 shows the five rods arranged in correct position for making the desired multiplication.

We begin our work with the unit figure of the number we are to multiply by, which is 6.

From opposite the 6 of the index rod we copy from the upper triangles . . . 6284
From lower triangles, opposite 6 . . . 3445
From upper triangles, opposite 5 . . . 6595
From lower triangles, opposite 5 . . . 3344

By adding we obtain the result we desire . . . 380184

To show how easily very large numbers can be multiplied, let us take the multiplication of 4683257 by 79642.

We arrange the bones so that we have the index rod at the left and the number 4683257 at the top of the rods. See Fig. 3.

From opposite the 2 of the index rod, upper triangles, we copy . . . 9286404
From lower triangles . . . 0110011
From opposite index 4, upper triangles . . . 6422896
From lower triangles . . . 1231022
From opposite index 6, upper triangles . . . 4683202
From lower triangles . . . 2341134
From opposite index 8, upper triangles . . . 6427853
From lower triangles . . . 3572146
From opposite index 7, upper triangles . . . 3281459
From lower triangles . . . 2452134
Adding, we have . . . 37298953994

Long division can be performed on the bones as here shown and with no other mental labor than addition and subtraction.

Suppose we desire to divide 18696384 by 643702. Large numbers are selected for illustration so as to give an example of the power of this device for handling heavy divisions.

We arrange the bones as shown in Fig. 5, the index rod to the left and the divisor at the top of the rods.

When making divisions, the multiples of the divisor are obtained by adding the number read from the upper triangles to the number read from the lower triangles, the diagonals indicating which are the pairs of digits to be added. Thus: opposite 1 of the index rod, 643702; opposite index 2, 1287404; opposite index 3, 1931106; and so forth.

In this manner by examining the bones we find that the next lower number to 1869638 is 1287404. This is opposite the index 2.

We arrange our work in the ordinary form of long division, as below, and insert for the first

a	b	c	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
2	0	2	4	6	8	0	1	2	3	4	5	6
3	0	3	6	9	2	5	8	1	4	7		
4	0	4	8	2	6	0	4	8	2	6		
5	0	5	0	5	0	5	0	5	0	5		
6	0	6	2	8	4	0	6	2	8	4		
7	0	7	4	1	8	5	3	4	9	6		
8	0	8	6	2	3	4	0	8	6	2		
9	0	9	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		

Fig. 1

6	7	8	9
1	6	7	8
2	12	14	16
3	18	21	24
4	24	28	32
5	30	35	40
6	36	42	48
7	42	49	56
8	48	56	64
9	54	63	72

Fig. 2

4	6	8	3	2	5	7
1	4	6	8	3	2	5
2	8	12	16	6	4	10
3	12	18	24	9	6	15
4	16	24	32	12	8	20
5	20	30	40	15	10	25
6	24	36	48	18	12	30
7	28	42	56	21	14	35
8	32	48	64	24	16	40
9	36	54	72	27	18	45

Fig. 3

4	6
1	4
2	8
3	12
4	16
5	20
6	24
7	28
8	32
9	36

Fig. 4

An amusing method of calculation akin to the abacus



6	4	3	7	0	2
1	6	4	3	7	0
2	12	8	6	14	0
3	18	12	9	21	0
4	24	16	12	28	0
5	30	20	15	35	0
6	36	24	18	42	0
7	42	28	21	49	0
8	48	32	24	56	0
9	54	36	27	63	0

Fig. 5

digit of the quotient 2, placing 1287404 under the dividend and making the subtraction. Again we examine the bones, finding that the next lower number to 5822344 is 5793318. This is opposite index 9, and we insert 9 for the second digit of the quotient. We copy 5793318 and make the subtraction, leaving a remainder of 29026.

643702)18696384(29
1287404
5822344
5793318
29026

Where there is a repetition of any number in the digits of a multiplicand we might have a duplication of the particular bone, or rod. By leaving an empty space between the other rods we can easily dispense with this duplication, simply copying the figures of the missing rod from its duplicate. For example, suppose we desire to multiply 466 by 78. The arrangement of the rods is shown in Fig. 4, where the missing rod, 6 at the top, is represented by a space. We proceed as follows:

From opposite 8, upper triangles . . . 288 (duplicating 8)
From opposite 8, lower triangles . . . 344 (duplicating 4)
Opposite 7, upper triangles . . . 832 (duplicating 2)
Opposite 7, lower triangles . . . 244 (duplicating 4)
Adding, we have . . . 36348

DOUBLE-SHIFT PUZZLE

CUT from a card eight small counters. With a pencil number them from 1 to 8. Place them on a table in the following order, those with the even numbers 6 4 8 2 first and those with the odd numbers 7 1 5 3 last, as follows: 6 4 8 2 7 1 5 3.

Now in four moves only, each time taking as a unit two adjoining counters, place them in a row in numerical order, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8. The solution will appear in an early issue.

A CRYSTAL-TUBE RECEIVER

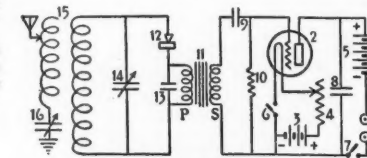
IT is generally agreed that the crystal detector renders clearer and more faithful broadcast reproduction than most tube receivers. A crystal is not responsive to electrical disturbances such as induction, the whistling of near-by tube receivers, interfering carrier waves and stray beat notes. "Clear as crystal" well describes the crystal reception of broadcast material, especially in districts where regenerative receivers can be used with difficulty because of radio and other electrical interference. The crystal circuit too is simple and inexpensive, and when used in connection with a tube amplifier as here described the reception range is greatly increased, and signals become surprisingly clear and loud. A loop antenna can be used, and usually a loud speaker can be operated.

The crystal-tube circuit shown in the diagram consists of a standard crystal circuit and a tube-receiver circuit connected by means of an

audio-frequency transformer. Each circuit has been separately described in previous numbers of The Companion. Incoming signals are rectified by the crystal and amplified by the tube. Any sensitive crystal, as silicon or galena, will prove satisfactory. A rough piece of silicon with a spring contact of light copper wire is recommended, as described in the Boys' Page of June 15, 1922. An audio-frequency transformer will cost about four dollars. It consists of a primary coil and a secondary coil wound over a metal core. Connect the coil terminals as shown in the diagram.

If you already have a tube receiver, it will be easy to hook up the transformer and the crystal detector. The grid leak and the two fixed condensers of the tube receiver are not needed, and some tubes will amplify best if these are removed. The regenerative, or tickler, coil, if there is one, may also be removed, for the crystal-tube circuit is nonregenerative. Any type of tube will operate this circuit, although some tubes are better amplifiers than others. Special amplifying tubes can be purchased if they are desired. The average tube, however, will give good results. For the best amplification, the plate-battery voltage should usually be increased to about sixty volts or more, and one hundred volts can be used without harm to the tube. It will be well to find by test the proper plate voltage for the particular tube that is used.

To test the receiver, first connect the headsets in the crystal circuit in place of the primary coil of the transformer, and adjust the tuner and the crystal contact point for the best signal. Then connect the two circuits and adjust the filament and the plate batteries for the best results. After



A CRYSTAL-TUBE RECEIVER

1, Headset or loud speaker; 2, tube; 3, filament battery, 6 volts; 4, filament battery rheostat; 5, plate battery, 25% to 60 volts; 6, filament battery switch; 7, plate battery switch; 8, fixed telephone condenser, about .001 m. f.; 9, fixed grid condenser, about .001 m. f.; 10, grid resistance; 11, audio-frequency transformer; 12, crystal detector; 13, fixed condenser, about .001 m. f.; 14, variable air condenser, about .001 m. f.; 15, tuning coil, direct-coupled or loose-coupled; 16, variable air condenser, about .001 m. f.

the set is once adjusted the crystal contact can be changed while the circuit is operating.

Any ingenious operator can connect the headsets in the circuit with switches in such manner that either circuit or both can be operated independently. Such an arrangement provides a universal receiver for all broadcast messages. When you have mastered the operation of the crystal-tube circuit try a loop antenna such as was described in The Companion for October 19,

1922, both with and without a ground connection. And if you have another tube amplifier, add it to the circuit by means of a second audio-frequency transformer, thus providing two steps of amplification. Such a combination is indeed an ideal radio receiver, for great distances can be covered with a minimum of adjustment and interference. In this crystal-tube receiver the tube acts as a simple amplifier, and all "reflex" action is absent.

9 9

THE WAY TO EXERCISE

WHEN you begin regular systematic exercise resolve on two things: First, that you will not overdo, as nine tenths of beginners do; second, that you will always incorporate the progressive element where it is possible and depend on it, instead of on rushing and spasmodic efforts, to win success.

Do not take heavy exercise like wrestling or weight lifting every day. Use the every-other-day plan, and on the days between do something decidedly different: play some light, fast outdoor game like tennis. Never take heavy exercise in the early morning nor within two hours after a meal; the best time is the middle of the forenoon, the late afternoon or just before you go to bed.

Always "warm up," especially if the exercise is to be heavy. It is dangerous suddenly to exert a cold and stiff muscle. If you are playing sub on a football or baseball team, do not sit shivering on a bench, but ask some one to work a little with you on the side lines, so as to be warm and supple if you are called.

If you perspire much at the exercise or game, drink a glass or two of water—not too cold—at any time. That restores to the system the moisture that you have lost, and refreshes you. If you are too tight in weight, use a moderate amount of milk instead of water. If you are exercising particularly for constipation, drink a liberal quantity of water (nothing else for that purpose) just before the abdominal movements. This habit often produces remarkable results, particularly when coupled with massage of the abdomen. So arrange your indoor exercise as to take the abdominal work last; that leaves the excess of blood where it is most needed.

Exercise before a mirror, whenever you can; you will learn the action of the muscles, and it keeps your mind on the work. A little practice at posing after the classic models is also good for the same purpose.

Follow your exercise with a sponge bath or a shower—tepid in winter, cold in summer. Avoid extremely hot baths. Rubbing and massage of the muscles after exercise are all right, although not essential. Liniment, muscle lubricants and alcohol rubs are of very doubtful value, for it is the massage that does the good.

Where the nature of the exercise permits, it is well to work one arm or one leg at a time. The mental concentration is greater, the movement is usually better executed, and the danger of overdoing lessened. In alternate exercise of the limbs, use the weaker one first. In that way the limb that most needs attention will be sure of its exercise in case some interference calls you away before you finish the "workout." If there is much difference in your arms, give the weaker one special periods of work. But in trying an unfamiliar feat or test where a strain is possible use the stronger hand. That lessens the danger of strain and should a strain occur gives the weak arm a chance to catch up with the other instead of falling farther behind, as it would were it the injured one.

Always use complete movements; that is, extend a limb fully when you push a weight to arm's length, and so forth; and when you double up an arm or leg do it completely. Short, unfinished movements, especially when accompanied by a heavy strain, gradually diminish the muscles' latitude of action and tend to a cramped, "muscle-bound" condition.

Take care not to strain your joints in any way; once an ankle or a wrist is seriously hurt it may bother you for years. If you are a track man, build up all the strength possible in your ankles and round the knees and care well for your feet. If you like apparatus work or acrobatics, strengthen your wrists.

In making a test of your strength do not do your best at the first trial. A wise plan—in a lift, for example—is to try two "form lifts," using about a third of your poundage—to make sure that positions are correct and to warm the muscles. Rest a few moments, then lift about one half of what you think you can do. After another short rest, try three quarters of your limit. Next, do your best on the feat you are aiming at. You will find by experience whether you do better on the second, third or tenth trial; people differ greatly in that respect. But never do your best on the first attempt.

Never hold your breath in any exercise for more than a few seconds. In such sports as running and wrestling the breathing takes care of



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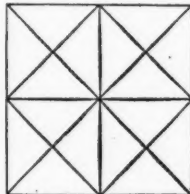
itself; but in calisthenics and such light exercises the lungs get little work. You can save time and make the muscular movements more effective by combining breathing exercises with them. Take four or five slow deep inspirations between movements—while the muscles are resting.

In distance running, wrestling and such strenuous sports great vitality is required, and you must not deplete what you have by overdoing and underfeeding. Heavy exercise requires reasonably heavy eating. If your digestion is not equal to abundant nourishment, then you are not yet in condition for heavy exercise. It is certain that heavy exercise will weaken anyone who because of organic conditions cannot eat what he should. But never force food on yourself; that would be highly indiscreet. You must want it; then it is assimilated naturally.

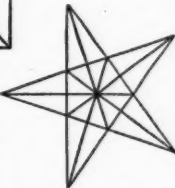
Avoid staleness. If the time comes when you feel disinclined to exercise, as though it were a monotonous grind instead of a pleasure, stop short. Rest three or four days, a week if necessary, to get back your zest for exercise. Sleep all you can during the period of rest, and get your mind into new channels. You will come back to regular work refreshed, and get along better than ever. Change your régime two or three times a year; that is, give your favorite exercise an occasional rest.

HOW MANY TRIANGLES?

THE square shown herewith contains forty-four triangles, but it is not the simplest thing in the world to count them. Draw a similar figure and try it on the mathematical members of the family. It is not unlikely that you will get more than one wrong answer.



After whetting the family appetite for geometric study with the square, draw



a five-pointed star as shown. It contains a larger number of triangles than the square—just how many the curious must determine for themselves. A good way to draw a five-pointed star was described in the Boys' Page for February, 1915. Of course the bisecting lines must meet at a common point in the centre of the star.

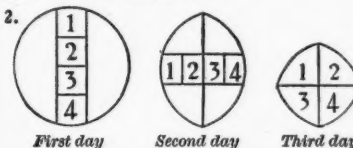
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Answers to Puzzles in October 11 Issue

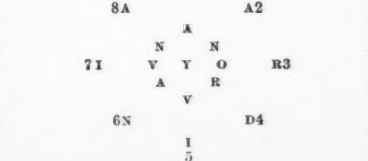
1. Haste makes waste. Every dog has his day. Hitch your wagon to a star. Delays are dangerous. No news is good news.



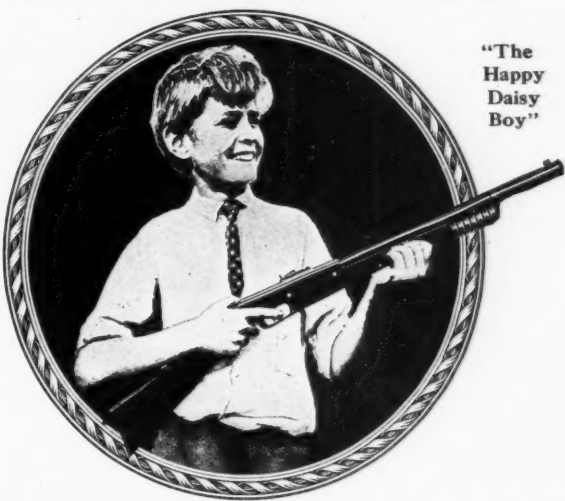
3. North Carolina, Tennessee, Missouri, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Oregon, South Carolina, Georgia, Maine, Illinois, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut.

4. Will-o'-the-wisp. 5. 792.

6. Bow and arrow. 7. Lucie, cruel, ulcer.



9. From palm, Bert, N. C., make: Alpaca, camel, llama, ape, clam, bee, bear, crab, lamb, ram, mare, carp, rat, bat, cat, teal, beetle, crane, ant, marten, tern.



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A HALLOWEEN BARN PARTY

HALLOWEEN with its witches and hobgoblins and ghosts is the holiday especially suited to the out-of-doors. If you are planning a party for the 31st of October, hold it in a shed or a barn, or, if there is no ready-made shelter, make one of cornstalks, built up on a framework of poles. Pumpkins ranged round the sides will serve as seats for the guests, and jack-o'-lanterns will furnish plenty of light. Send out invitations in envelopes decorated with drawings of pumpkins and with jack-o'-lantern seals and ask each guest to come prepared to do some original trick or stunt in keeping with the occasion.

Of course you will play many of the traditional Halloween games, such as bobbing for apples and naming and burning candles. An owl hunt is good fun. Cut little owls from gray, black and white paper. Hide the owls, give each guest a toy gun, a little bow and arrow or a bean blower, and let them hunt the owls. A gray owl counts five, a white one ten and a black one fifteen. The player who bags the most owls or who makes the highest number of points should receive a prize.

Fortune hunting is played with a large witch, cut from black paper. Pin the figure to the middle of a sheet; pin many small envelopes, with a "fortune" sealed in each, round it and let the more favorable fortunes be those nearest the witch. The best fortune of all is placed in the witch's hand. Blindfold the guests and let each in turn touch the sheet with the end of a broomstick. Write the name of the player upon the envelope she touches or comes nearest to, and when all have "found their fortunes" open and read the predictions in the envelopes.

Just before the time for refreshments let the two smallest children, dressed in fairy costumes, pass baskets, one to the girls and one to the boys, filled with little black cats, owls, horseshoes, wishbones and witches cut from paper. There must be two of each kind, and the boy who, for example, takes a black cat must find the girl who has one to match. The couples then find seats on the pumpkins and are served with coffee, pumpkin pie and doughnuts.

Conceal a ring, a penny and a thimble in the doughnuts; the one who finds the ring will be married first, the one who finds the penny will inherit a fortune, and the one who gets the thimble may expect to remain a spinster.

FOR THE AUTUMN TABLE NUT FAVORS

NUTS can be made into very acceptable favors for an autumn dinner. The smooth, polished pecan suggests a little football both by its shape and by its color. You can indicate the seams with white water-color paint, and glue a loop of ribbon to the nut, by which to hang it. Half a pecan shell, whittled a trifle at the sides so as to leave points at the back and front, makes the cap of a mortar board. You can make the board by covering a piece of pasteboard one and one half inches square with black silk and adding a tassel of darning cotton or filosele. Glue it to the nut or put two stitches through holes bored with a very small drill. You can get a perfect half shell by splitting the nut with a sharp knife.

An English-walnut shell can be used for a thimble case, a pincushion or the like. Stuffing a half shell with a piece of sponge and gilding the outside will make a penwiper. To make a bonbon case, take two perfect half shells, cover the inside surface with thin mucilage and line them with red crepe paper. Paste a tiny strip of red ribbon loosely along the joint of the shells for a hinge, fill the little case with candies and tie it with red baby ribbon, glued so that it will not fall off when the case is opened.

The color and shape of an almond suggests the face of a Chinaman. Sketch the slanting eyes and the broad nose on the surface with pen and ink. Cut a piece of blue pasteboard to the form of his blouse-covered body, outline the coat with a touch of water color, glue the nut to the neck and glue on a queue of darning cotton.

RED HAW PLACE CARDS

For an autumn luncheon there is nothing prettier, more colorful or less expensive than place cards made from red haws, the little red fruit from the thorny shrubs or trees that every child knows and loves.

Choose well-formed haws and with a sharp pen point cut little features on one smooth side—eyebrows, eyes, nose, mouth and any other characteristic that indicates individuality. The pen need not be dipped in ink; the point alone makes marks that remain. Then from bits of colored paper, crepe or tissue, or scraps of cloth or ribbons, and some paste and pins or toothpicks, fashion little bonnets and attach them to the



"Some merry, friendly, countra folks, together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks, an' haud their Halloween."—Burns

thorn apple above the face. The tiniest odds and ends of anything will serve. Toothpicks or pins dipped in sealing wax make fancy hatpins that will hold the bonnet in place and serve as trimming.

When the heads are made and trimmed, thrust into each one a piece of picture wire where the neck should be and leave about an inch of it to project. Fasten it through a card, near the middle, with sealing wax.

The result you can describe to your guests as an advance showing of fall fashions in millinery. If they are intimate friends, you can design hats that suit their particular tastes or that poke a little gentle fun at them.

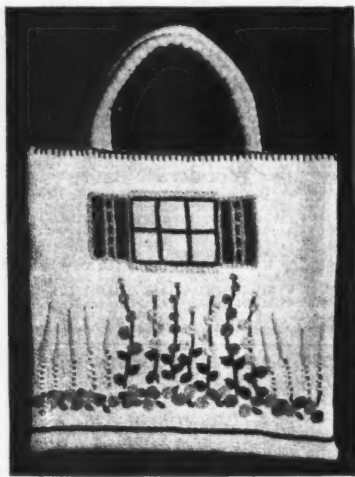
An amusing centerpiece for the table is a mirror surrounded by a hedge of richly colored oak or sumac leaves and supporting several little red haw manikins—complete figures in fashionable clothes.

If the function is less formal, and you serve only sandwiches or cakes, stick the wires of a red haw hat model into a sandwich for each guest.

A HOMESPUN WORKBAG

ACHARMING workbag of Canadian origin, which requires no pattern or stamped design, can be made by any girl. The motif is that of Home Sweet Home. A few strokes of your pencil will serve to indicate the hollyhocks growing under the shutters of the window of the little white house.

You will need one third of a yard each of white homespun flannel of basket weave and blue sateen for the lining, two skeins each of green wool for the shutters of the house and the leaves and stalks of the hollyhocks, and gray wool for outlining the windows and blinds in chain stitch. For the hollyhock blossoms themselves use one skein each of magenta red, blue, orange, pink and lavender as well as pale blue



zephyr for banding the fresh young stalks. The hollyhocks are done in buttonhole stitch and the edges of the petals left in bas-relief.

Use green yarn for the buttonhole stitching at the top of the bag and for the chain stitching at the bottom. Chain stitch a circle on the back of the bag with green yarn, and make round

hollyhock blossoms, in various colors, at regular intervals on it. For the handle cover the largest size of cable cord with homespun flannel and stitch first one way, then the other, with blue, black or green yarn.

A NOTEBOOK ON ART

GIRLS who are interested in art will enjoy making a scrapbook of prints of their favorite pictures and of anecdotes of the artists who painted them. Use a loose-leaf, leather-bound notebook. It is stronger than one bound with paper and offers the opportunity to add to the contents as time goes on and as your supply of clippings and prints increases.

Besides the book you will need scissors and paste. You can obtain suitable pictures from old magazines, newspapers and secondhand art and bookshops; or you can buy them from art-supply firms that make a specialty of publishing prints of famous paintings. Often, too, at art museums you can buy post cards of some of the paintings in the galleries.

Group the pictures as they are usually grouped in books on art—that is, with one section devoted to Italian artists and Italian paintings, another to the pictures and the painters of the Spanish school, and so on. Try to include all the men and periods that especially interest you.

Do not make your book too generally informative or try to include in it all phases of each period of painting. To do that would be a considerable task and one for which you probably have neither time nor taste. The book is yours, and you are making it; therefore go ahead independently with the work and try to express in it only your individual taste in art.

If you love the simple, homely subjects of the Dutch school, collect all the prints of those paintings that you care to and paste them in your book, together with references to the painters and the period in which they worked. The life of Rembrandt, for example, is as full of interest, adventure and pathos as any novel. If you like his work, familiarize yourself with his life. Know which picture brought him fame and money, and which unpopularity and misfortune; know that some of his great masterpieces, which we now travel thousands of miles to study, he painted in order to earn money enough to pay his board bills at dismal lodging houses and third-rate inns. If your interest centres round the masters of the Italian school, give the greater part of your book to them. Know that the painter of the Madonna of the Chair was a gentle, scholarly man; know that the architect who created the great dome of St. Peter's and the marvelous frescoes of the Sistine Chapel was gloomy and lonely, a man whose life was embittered by hardships and disappointments.

If you search, you will often find in the better class of magazines and art reviews allusions to some painter whose work you admire. But you need not depend on printed clippings. The public libraries are stocked with books that deal with every painter and with every field of art. Read some of them, and when you come to an incident that strikes your fancy set it down in your book on the page on which you have pasted the print that the allusion refers to. For example, if you own a print of Thomas Gainsborough's Blue Boy, write near it on the page: "Painted in order to refute Sir Joshua Reynolds's statement that blue could not be used effectively as the dominant color of a picture."

You need not limit your book to paintings. If sculpture interests you, include prints of such pieces as you like. If the architecture of the Parthenon and that of the Gothic cathedrals of France and England inspire you, cut out

pictures of the buildings and paste them in your art book.

A scrapbook of that sort will not only yield enjoyment to yourself and to your friends; it will greatly increase your knowledge of art and your interest in it. Moreover, you will have opened up a source of permanent pleasure, for such a book can be carried on from year to year. It will change as your artistic sense changes and expands, but it will always carry the stamp of your own individuality.

Christmas Greetings

They are in the

Girls' Page for November

ARMS AND THE GIRL

IT is not often that we can kill two birds with one stone, despite the old adage. But for the girl who desires both strength and shapeliness of arm there are some simple exercises that are very effective.

It is muscle, not fat, that gives shape to the arm. Of course adipose tissue is required to fill in and round off, but suitable exercise will result in a normal deposit of the softer flesh. The principal value of all exercises, when properly regulated, is that they bring the physique to normal, and it may easily happen that the same course will reduce your arms if they are overlarge, and increase the size of a girl's arms who is too thin.

Normally, the arm of a girl is largest in the triceps region (the back of the upper arm), and it is in that part that an excess of fat usually shows itself. Most of the exercise period should be given to it.

Begin with this easy movement: Extend your right arm upward, in line with the side of your body. Now, with the hand lightly closed, and holding your upper arm stationary, bend at the elbow and bring the hand down to the back of your neck. Remember to hold the upper arm still and vertical while you straighten the forearm. Repeat the movement rapidly until your arm is a little tired; then exercise the left arm.

A second exercise is for the front upper arm—the biceps. Stand erect and keep your back stiff. Hold your arm down, with the elbow against the front of your hip. Hold the upper arm still and bring the hand, closed, sharply up to as near the shoulder as you can. Repeat the movement rapidly until the arm begins to feel the strain. After a week or so you can use one-pound or two-pound dumb-bells for the movements.

For the forearm, crumpling a sheet of newspaper in each hand will usually be sufficient for most girls' purpose—especially as nearly all upper-arm movements use the forearm to some extent.

After a fortnight or so, your exercises for the upper arm must be made more severe. Straighten your arms and place your palms against a wall, at shoulder height. Now lean forward, touch your head lightly to the wall, then press your body slowly back to the first position. Every few days stand a trifle farther from the wall, until you reach a distance that makes the strain pronounced, though it should never be extreme. It will not take many weeks to show you that the movement is making the triceps firm and shapely.

For the biceps, now that you have acquired some strength, take the same position as in the second exercise described, with the arm down; but instead of bringing up the empty hand place the other hand in it and resist with that hand as you double up the arm that you are exercising. The arm of the resisting hand will receive almost as much work in the triceps as the other in the biceps; because of that, and because the movements can be made decidedly severe, you must guard against overeffort.

After a few weeks of the exercises, the work for the triceps should be made still harder. Hold a broom in a horizontal position behind your head, the right arm so doubled up as to bring your right hand within five or six inches of your right ear, the left arm extended nearly straight, the hand about level with the shoulder. Now slowly straighten the right arm and resist the movement with the left. When the right arm is straight and the left doubled, reverse the movement. Straighten the left arm and double the right. Continue the sawing motion until the muscles ache a little; but do not make the resistance very strong at first or the arms will become quite sore.

Place two dining chairs facing each other, twelve or fifteen inches apart. Place a hand on each chair near the front edge of it and extend your feet backward until your legs and body form a nearly straight line. Now bend the elbows and let the head and shoulders descend until the upper arms are about at right angles with the forearms. Repeat the movement a few times, and as you gain in strength bend the arms more acutely. It is better, however, to do this exercise, known as "the dip," on the floor before attempting to do it on the chairs.

Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

The FAMILY PAGE

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE FAMILY PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



Color and texture and design all lend their beauty to the popular articles of tied-dyed work. The shimmer of silk material and the irradiation of blending tints cannot be reproduced in an illustration, but anyone who will try her hand at the work will learn the truth of the saying, "Seen is believin'."



Hardly a month goes by in which we do not have the opportunity to make a gift. A flyaway scarf in delicate shades, or a substantial bag, marked with a striking design, will carry the essence of a real present; it will be a bit of your own work, beautifully made and welcome to the recipient.



TIED-DYEING

THERE is a great demand at present for tied-dyed and batik goods. All the shops are gay with them, and everyone is eager to procure them. Tied-dyeing is much simpler and demands far less skill than batik, which requires wax and *tjanting*; yet the results of the former process are quite as beautiful.

The tied-dyed process is to bind up with a thick wrapping of string, before the material is dipped into the dye, the sections of cloth that are not to be colored. Anyone who has a good sense of color values and a feeling for design, no matter how inexperienced she may be, can achieve beautiful effects. The articles that you can make range from simple colored handkerchiefs to the more elaborate kerchiefs, bags, evening scarfs, table scarfs, blouses, negligees, and even costumes.

You can use any material from cotton to velvet, although beginners will find the latter

together. Over the thread at that point wind white string, pulled very tight. (No. 8 shows three such circles.) Make the band of string as wide as you want it. If you wind it close and tie it tight, the cloth under the string will keep its original color when the material is dipped in the dye; if you leave spaces in winding, some dye will seep through and give an effect of tracery. (No. 8.) Be sure to wind the string very tight, especially if you are leaving the winding a little spaced. Be sure to get cotton dye for cotton goods and silk dye for silk materials.

The article is now ready to be dyed. Prepare the dye in a basin or pan and bring it to the boiling point, according to the directions on the package. Add a small amount of salt to the dye if it is for cotton and a little vinegar to the dye if it is for silk. Wear rubber gloves to keep the hands free from stains. If you have an extra scrap of the material, test it in the dye to see if you have the right shade; if not, use any piece of white cloth. Allow the sample to dry before you proceed, for the color is usually lighter on dry cloth and may even prove to be altogether different.

Rinse the tied article in cold water first and wring it out; then dip it into the dye. If you want a pale shade, dip it in and out very quickly and rinse it again in cold water. The longer the cloth stays in the dye the deeper the shade will be. After dipping it, cut the strings carefully and hang the cloth up to dry.

You will probably want something more than a single circle on the finished article, and you can make as many other circles as you please, all at the same time and one within another, by basting each one with thread, gathering it, winding it with string, and then dipping the cloth in the dye. You can make straight lines by basting the line and proceeding in the same way. To make a small square, tie any kind of beads into the material. Lay a bead on the cloth at the point where you want the square to be, pull the cloth round it and tie it firmly in place by winding string tight round the cloth where you have gathered it. You can make a butterfly by basting the outline of a pasteboard cut-out and gathering and tying in the same way.

To dye goods in two or more colors use one of the following methods: No. 1. Tie the circles, squares and so forth of the design, then dip the cloth into the first dye bath and rinse it. Then, keeping the material still tied, dip parts of it into the second color. The tip of cloth that marks the centre of a circle where it projects above the string, for example, can easily be dipped; or the middle part of the goods can be handled by submerging only the part that you wish to dye and holding the rest of it up in your hands. No. 2. You can untie the material after the first dyeing and dip different parts of the loose cloth into a second color. By this method you can get a mottled effect; and by dipping bits of the cloth here and there you can obtain the effect of splashes of a second color over the first.

It is also possible after you have untied the goods from the first dipping to cover the parts that have been dyed with string and dye the goods again. As you can dye only from light to darker shades, the original material must be of a light color, and you must begin with the palest shade. In every case, rinse the cloth after each dyeing.

If you want the design to be of a shade different from the color of the material itself, first dip the whole cloth into that color. Then tie the figures of the design and dip the cloth into another shade for the background.

It is best to have the article that you are working on hemmed and made up so far as possible before you begin. In dyeing, you can fold the cloth double, but as the dye will not permeate the goods so readily, you will achieve the best results by keeping it single. Some persons prefer to let the goods remain rough dry, to distinguish the real tied-dyed work from the imitation,

but it is usually more satisfactory to press the material.

Plan the color scheme as carefully as you plan your design, and do not attempt to make your article a Joseph's coat. Choose colors that harmonize and experiment with them on bits of cloth, so as to avoid crude and ugly combinations. You will seldom wish to use the colors just as they come from the package, but will discover how to get more pleasing shades by mixing them. For example, in some color schemes the light blue is made much more interesting by an added touch of green. In the bag shown in the illustration unbleached cotton was dyed a dark blue and the lining a light sage green. The irradiations from the circle make it still more artistic.

Blue and gold go well together and give beautiful shadings of green. Purple and orange are good, because of the taupes that they give, but, since they are both strong colors, it is usually best to tone them down with a little gray. Rose and pale orange make a beautiful combination for an evening scarf, for they are sunset colors. Rose and light blue and the ensuing lavender are suitable for negligees. Nature is the best source for color combinations; there are endless suggestions to be found in studying the birds and the moths and butterflies. What could be more exquisite in an evening gown than the pale green and lavender of the luna moth?

Tied-dyed articles make choice gifts and command a good price when offered for sale. The charm of making them is the unexpected and often delightful result.

MARKETING

XVI. How to Lower Marketing Costs

AT the best the expenses that attach to marketing are heavy. There are the costs of sorting or grading, packing, hauling to the shipping point, transportation by freight or express, commission to the wholesaler who handles the consignment, pay to the jobber who takes the car lot and sells it in small orders to the retailer, and finally the many expenses of the retailer who supplies the consumer with a small order as a pound or a half peck and sometimes makes delivery by special messenger.

Many ways to reduce the length of that chain of expense have been suggested, and some of them work after a fashion; but the truth is that in all the added expense there is little clear profit. It is nearly all labor expense that must be paid for. But in the end the consumer pays much more than the producer receives. Indeed, in many cases, the producer does not receive enough to warrant his continuing in business.

So the problem remains: how shall the producer get more for the food he produces?

First, by careful grading. If field-run potatoes are worth fifty cents a bushel and well-sorted potatoes are worth seventy-five cents, then a six-hundred-bushel car of one is worth three hundred dollars and a car of the other is worth four hundred and fifty dollars; but the freight on the two cars is the same. If the freight is sixty dollars, it will be ten cents a bushel in either case; but in one case it is ten cents out of fifty, or twenty per cent of the total sale value of the carload; whereas in the other case it is ten cents out of seventy-five, or about thirteen per cent of the value of the carload. And in like fashion by shipping an article that has high selling value you cut down the percentage of selling cost all along the line and leave more of the total sale value to go back to the grower.

To that argument for carefully grading farm produce there must be added still another: Produce so selected is at all times virtually sure to sell without the delay and loss that go with shipping poor, ungraded, unattractive products. Every day that a shipment remains unsold takes

away something from its market value and adds something to the costs of sale that have to be borne finally by the grower. In other words, if I can sell a bushel of apples today for one dollar, I am better off financially than if I sell that bushel next week at the same price, for there are storage and care and possible shrinkage to be paid for out of the deferred sale.

But, after all, the largest single economy that the producer can make in the whole field of marketing lies just on the edge of that field; that is, in choosing the kind and the quality of the produce that he intends to sell. In other words, the successful salesman is the man who has produced an article of such value and produced it so cheaply that the buyer is compelled to give it his attention when he is considering a purchase.

It costs more money to the acre to produce thirty bushels of wheat than it does to produce ten, if we take one year with another, but the chances are ten to one that the cost a bushel is less for the thirty-bushel crop than it is for the ten-bushel crop. It costs more money to buy and own a pure-bred herd of cattle than it does to buy and own a herd of scrubs, but the chances are heavily in favor of the pure-bred stock's making more pounds of meat for a given amount of food and care. It costs more money to buy a good dairy cow than it does to buy a poor one, but the good cow will show a net profit at the end of the year, whereas the poor cow will be a bill of expense.

What we are trying to arrive at is this: The farmer who uses his land to good purpose, who employs labor-saving machinery on it and buys stock that is adapted to making meat or milk, who keeps up the fertility of his farm and combats animal and plant diseases, is in a position one year with another to place on the market a larger total of produce value, created at a lower cost, than the farmer who neglects the essential principles of food manufacture. And such a farmer, going to market, has at all times a winning advantage over the farmer whose costs of production for the article that he offers for sale are high, and the quality of whose produce is low. Like every other manufacturer, the farmer who can place the best article on the market at the lowest cost to himself is sure to win.

A POTTED HYDRANGEA

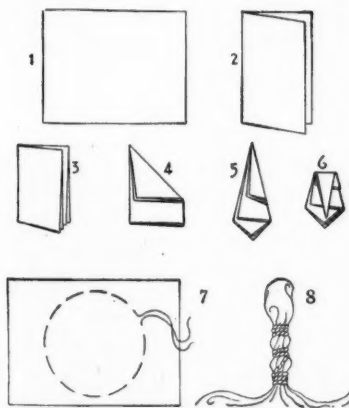
PRODUCING hydrangea plants that will remain dwarfed and that will bloom beautifully in pots and hold their blossoms for two months or more is a horticultural feat not unlike the Japanese accomplishment of dwarfing trees; but anyone who wishes can do it.

The most important thing is to get the proper kind of cuttings. In the spring when the hydrangea bush begins to bud choose certain vigorous branches and from them clip the bud clusters. A new growth of wood will soon start from the part of the branch just below the point at which you clipped away the buds. The new wood will contain—but will not at that time show—bud clusters. By the end of summer the growth of stout young shoots will be from three to six inches long. The following summer each shoot will bear blossoms.

As soon as the hydrangea bush has dropped its leaves in the fall fill pots three to five inches in diameter with potting soil to which you have added pulverized fertilizer. Then cut off the stout young shoots of new wood, close to the parent branch.

Plant the cuttings in the pots and set the pots indoors, preferably on a warm, sunny window sill; the cuttings should begin to grow immediately.

From that time forward the cuttings require the same care that other potted plants require. As spring approaches the blossoms will appear. Some of the plants will be in full bloom by the 1st of April.



difficult to handle. For sewing bags or shopping bags unbleached cotton gives excellent results. Silk, georgette crepe and crepe de chine are suitable; "imitation silver cloth," which can be obtained in all colors, is particularly beautiful because of its sheen.

For tying use white string (not thread); and for dyeing, any good dyes that require boiling to make the color fast.

First of all, draw a rough pattern or plan on paper of the design that you wish to have. Circles, squares and lines of one color on a background of a different color are most easily made and can be used together in many different combinations. You can also introduce more elaborate motifs; but it is wise to begin with something rather simple.

Suppose you wish to make a handkerchief with one circle in the natural color of the cloth on a dyed background. You must first mark the circumference of the circle on the cloth. To do that fold the material so that the line of the fold passes through the middle point of the circle. Make a second fold at right angles to the first; fold again and then a fourth time, each fold running from centre to circumference. Then fold the point of the triangle over so that it will equal a radius of the circle that you want on the handkerchief. Crease the cloth along the folds with your finger and open out the goods. The radiating lines will serve as a guide for the circle. (Nos. 1 to 6.)

Baste the circumference of the circle with strong white thread in long stitches. (No. 7.) Then draw the basting thread tight, like a gathering thread. That will cause the material to bunch

Before you wash precious silks and woollens make this test

BECAUSE we know from long experience that the most delicate silks and woollens can be safely washed, we ask you to avoid possible dangers by making a simple yet conclusive soap test.

Here is the test:

Before risking your precious garments, ask yourself:

"Would I be willing to use this soap on my face?"

That is the whole test for any soap, no matter of what kind or form. If the soap is pure enough and mild enough to be used *safely* on your skin, it is *naturally* safe for

the most delicate white and colored fabrics. If you suspect it might be too strong, we urge you to be cautious.

It is not by mere chance that Ivory Flakes is one of the very few soaps for delicate fabrics which can stand this test.

Ivory Flakes is Ivory Soap—the very same Ivory Soap that women everywhere use daily to protect and preserve lovely complexions. The only difference is in the *form*.

Since Ivory Flakes is pure, mild and gentle enough for the skin—yes, even for a baby's skin—it is, of course, safe for any fabric which can stand the touch of pure water. Just whip up the rich Ivory suds, as directed on the Ivory

Flakes box, and dip the garment into it with perfect confidence.

In addition to having a real margin of safety beyond other soaps for the more delicate things, Ivory Flakes is economical enough for use in washing the heavier articles that need care and the protection of pure soap—linens, blankets, draperies, and so on.

If you will accept the offer made in the lower right-hand corner of this page, we shall gladly send you a sample of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments."

Full size packages of Ivory Flakes are for sale in grocery and department stores everywhere.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty clothes last longer

Silkiness Preserved in Washing Angora Wool

TWO lace wool shawls made of soft Angora yarn were bought in England several years ago. One was worn and was washed over and over with Ivory Flakes, in spite of warnings against water. The other shawl was put away. After a while they were compared. Their owner says there is not the slightest difference—in texture, color, softness—and declares this is the highest tribute she can pay to the safety of Ivory Flakes.

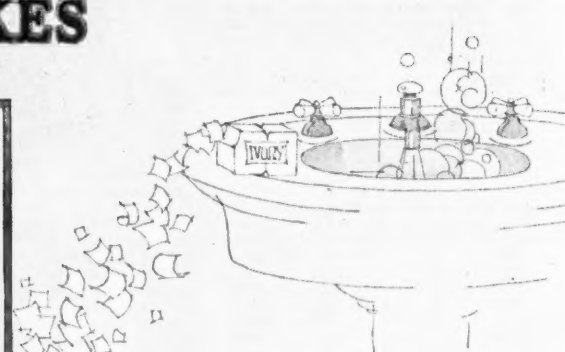
(Shawl and owner's letter on file in the Procter & Gamble office.)



Tissue-thin Tan Crêpe WASHED PERFECTLY

THIS delicate blouse of tan crêpe, with its lovely embroidery, "was too costly a garment unless it could be washed," says its owner's letter to us. "I laundered it with Ivory Flakes with most gratifying results." She has washed it with Ivory Flakes six times, and the colors and texture are as fresh-looking as when it was first bought.

(Blouse and owner's letter on file in the Procter & Gamble office.)



Free—This package and booklet

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Section 36-JF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.